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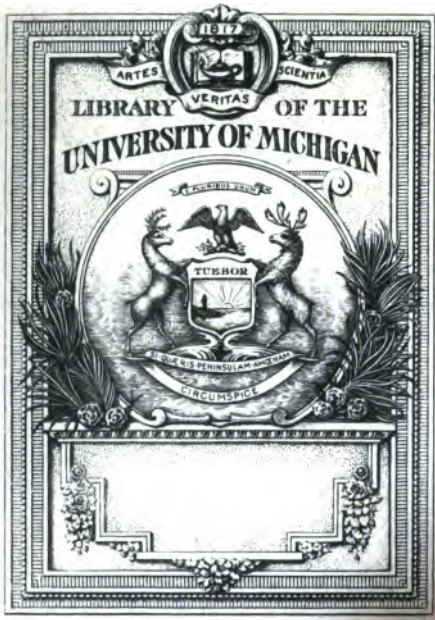

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

POPE'S

HOMER.

THE ILIAD.

VOLUME I.

a 2

PREFACE.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt Invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivaled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely: for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the Invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue

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"earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by it own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhew, how this vaſt Invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things

within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of Fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic poem, the return of Ulyſſes, the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and

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its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular Catalogue of an Army, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes; and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemoras. If Ulyſſes viſits the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the

loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable: if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed! This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The Marvellous Fable includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt impor-

importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his machines in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his perſons; and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of courage is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant

a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in wiſdom; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, beſides, characters of courage; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends ſtill upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely

ſuperior

ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture; Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected

collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimiles, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurprizing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

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If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images.

images. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of Mount Neritus in that of εἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels and conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering

altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our Author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It

ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the Muſes dictated: and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiriting vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime, his images and deſcriptions more full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled

led all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted Invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great Authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

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But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues: they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimiles have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: but runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which

which however are so managed as not to overpower the *main* one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the Gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his Heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with madam Dacier, "that* those times and manners are so much the more "excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to

* Preface to her Homer.

[illegible] daughters made slaves [illegible] I would not be so [illegible], who are shocked at [illegible] employments in which we [illegible] engaged. There is [illegible] that simplicity, in oppo- [illegible] ages; in beholding [illegible] princes tending their [illegible] water from the springs. [illegible] ought to reflect that we are [illegible] in the heathen world; [illegible] this light, will double [illegible] him. Let them think [illegible] with nations and people [illegible] are stepping almost [illegible] to the remotest antiquity, [illegible] and surprizing [illegible] found, the only true [illegible] by this means alone [illegible], and what usually [illegible] satisfaction.

[illegible] serve to answer for [illegible] to his Gods and [illegible] the blue-eyed [illegible] which some have [illegible] repeated. Those [illegible] and offices then [illegible] contracted a weight [illegible] devotions in

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which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed."* Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch

* Heſiod. lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first: a consideration which whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odysses above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiser man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftner

ner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The fame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment.

Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; Nature and Art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe

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in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for tranſfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the Fire of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken

than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle; ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian, in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs, in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dullneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bold and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the Scripture and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired Writings, that the Divine Spirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts)

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may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a farther preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe moral ſentences and proverbial ſpeeches which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Græciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a ſort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe

thoſe who are ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compound one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally "leaf-ſhaking," but affords a majeſtic idea in the periphraſis: "The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-ſhooting," is capable of two explications; one literal, in reſpect to the darts and bow, the enſigns of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore, in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun

ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe, the beſt rule is, to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion; but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the Verſification. Ho-

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mer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſt of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſes, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface,

face, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general; but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left

left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters: though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to

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omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity; perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the Publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſ-

translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer; as I wiſh for the ſake of the world he had prevented me in the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a farther opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the Great have done me, while the firſt names of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet: that his

his grace the duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent Eſſay) ſo complete a praiſe:

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
"For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
"Verſe will ſeem Proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
"And Homer will be all the Books you need."

That the earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love has continued his partiality to me, from my writing paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent ſecretary of ſtate, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late lord chancellor) gave

me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens, that has been ſhewn me by its learned rival, the univerſity of Oxford. If my Author had the Wits of after-ages for his defenders, his tranſlator has had the Beauties of the preſent for his advocates; a pleaſure too great to be changed for any fame in reverſion. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks, having ſacked ſome of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryſeïs and Bryſeïs, allotted the firſt to Agamemnon, and the laſt to Achilles. Chryſes, the father of Chryſeïs and prieſt of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ranſom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the ſiege. The prieſt being refuſed, and inſolently diſmiſſed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a peſtilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cauſe of it, who attributes it to the refuſal of Chryſeïs. The king being obliged to ſend back his captive, enters into a furious conteſt with Achilles, which Neſtor pacifies; however, as he had the abſolute command of the army, he ſeizes on Briſeïs in revenge. Achilles in diſcontent withdraws himſelf and his forces from the reſt of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, ſhe ſupplicates Jupiter to render them ſenſible of the wrong done to her ſon, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her ſuit incenſes Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the addreſs of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's ſtay with the Æthiopians, at whoſe return Thetis prefers her petition. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chryſa, and laſtly to Olympus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful ſpring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddeſs ſing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty Chiefs untimely ſlain;
Whoſe limbs unbury'd on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides ſtrove,
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove!
Declare, O Muſe! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended power?
Latona's ſon a dire contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend prieſt defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands:
By theſe he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.

He ſu'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.
Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryſeïs to theſe arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my preſents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, ſon of Jove.
The Greeks in ſhouts their joint aſſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair.
Not ſo Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ſacred ſire, and thus reply'd:
Hence on thy life, and fly theſe hoſtile plains,
Nor aſk, preſumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor truſt too far thoſe enſigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, prieſt, and ſhall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, ſhall plead in vain;
Till time ſhall riſe every youthful grace,
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed ſhe once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos ſhall the maid retire,
Far from her native ſoil, and weeping ſire.
The trembling prieſt along the ſhore return'd,
And in the anguiſh of a father mourn'd.
Diſconſolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the ſounding main:

Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.
O Sminthens! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! who Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shore:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.
Thus Chryses pray'd: The favouring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below,
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men addrest:
Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?

The plague deſtroying whom the ſword would ſpare,
'Tis time to ſave the few remains of war.
But let ſome prophet, or ſome ſacred ſage,
Explore the cauſe of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the waſteful vengeance to remove,
By myſtic dreams, for dreams deſcend from Jove:
If broken vows this heavy curſe have laid,
Let altars ſmoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So Heaven aton'd ſhall dying Greece reſtore,
And Phœbus dart his burning ſhafts no more.

He ſaid, and ſat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wiſe, the Grecian prieſt and guide,
That ſacred ſeer, whoſe comprehenſive view
The paſt, the preſent, and the future knew:
Upriſing ſlow, the venerable ſage
Thus ſpoke the prudence and the fears of age.
Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'ſt thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
Firſt give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of ſure protection, by thy power and ſword.
For I muſt ſpeak what wiſdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the taſk, when ſubjects, grown too wiſe,
Inſtruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the ſhort-liv'd fury paſt,
'Tis ſure, the Mighty will revenge at laſt.

To whom Pelides: From thy inmoſt ſoul
Speak what thou know'ſt, and ſpeak without control.
Ev'n by that God I ſwear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,

And

And whoſe bleſt oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Againſt his prieſt ſhall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hoſts are led,
The king of kings, ſhall touch that ſacred head.
Encourag'd thus, the blameleſs man replies:
Nor vows unpaid, nor ſlighted ſacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging peſt,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd prieſt,
Nor will the gods awaken'd fury ceaſe.
But plagues ſhall ſpread, and funeral fires increaſe,
Till the great king, without a ranſom paid,
To her own Chryſa ſend the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added ſacrifice and prayer,
The prieſt may pardon, and the God may ſpare.
The prophet ſpoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch ſtarted from his ſhining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breaſt that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living fire.
Augur accurſt! denouncing miſchiefs ſtill,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still muſt that tongue ſome wounding meſſage bring,
And ſtill thy prieſtly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falſehoods is my honour ſtain'd,
Is Heaven offended, and a prieſt profan'd;
Becauſe my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?

A maid,

A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half ſo dear were Clytæmneſtra's charms,
When firſt her blooming beauties bleſt my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her fall;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cauſe of all,
And ſuffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will reſign,
So dearly valued, and ſo juſtly mine.
But ſince for common good I yield the fair,
My private loſs let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Inſatiate king! (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'ſt thou the Greeks their lawful prey ſhould yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The ſpoils of cities raz'd, and warriours ſlain,
We ſhare with juſtice, as with toil we gain:
But to reſume whate'er thy avarice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by ſlaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The ſpoils of Ilion ſhall thy loſs requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the duſt her lofty towers.
Then thus the king: Shall I my prize reſign
With tame content, and thou poſſeſt of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a ſoldier's right.

At

At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chryse's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend;
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me;

To

To Phthia's realms no hoſtile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike courſers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarſe-reſounding main,
And walls of rocks, ſecure my native reign,
Whoſe fruitful ſoil luxuriant harveſts grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we ſail'd a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What elſe to Troy th' aſſembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cauſe?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deſerve?
Diſgrac'd and injur'd by the man we ſerve?
And dar'ſt thou threat to ſnatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as ſmall, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conqueſt is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the ſweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial preſents to my ſhips I bear,
Or barren praiſes pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy ſlave no more;
My fleet ſhall waft me to Theſſalia's ſhore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, ſhall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in ſuch a cauſe to fight,
And Jove himſelf ſhall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the God's diſtinguiſh'd care)
To power ſuperior none ſuch hatred bear;

Strife

Strife and debate thy reſtleſs ſoul employ,
And wars and horrours are thy ſavage joy.
If thou haſt ſtrength, 'twas Heaven that ſtrength beſtow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haſte, launch thy veſſels, fly with ſpeed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary ſway;
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy ſhort-liv'd friendſhip, and thy groundleſs hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark ſhall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll ſeize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briſeïs with the radiant eyes.
Hence ſhalt thou prove my might, and curſe the hour,
Thou ſtood'ſt a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our hoſt it ſhall be known,
That kings are ſubject to the Gods alone.
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppreſt,
His heart ſwell'd high, and labour'd in his breaſt.
Diſtracting thoughts by turns his boſom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly ſword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whiſpers ſoft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the riſing tempeſt of his ſoul.
Juſt as in anguiſh of ſuſpence he ſtay'd,
While half unſheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,

Minerva

Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.
Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son: then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury, I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of Heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly Power)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour.
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store,
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.
To her Pelides: With regardful ear
'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.

He

He ſaid, obſervant of the blue-ey'd Maid;
Then in the ſheath return'd the ſhining blade.
The Goddeſs ſwift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breaſt forſook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
O monſter! mix'd of inſolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambuſh'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis ſafer through the camp to go,
And rob a ſubject, than deſpoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and baſe!
Sent in Jove's anger on a ſlaviſh race,
Who, loſt to ſenſe of generous freedom paſt,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy laſt.
Now by this ſacred ſceptre hear me ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or bloſſoms bear,
Which ſever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This ſceptre, form'd by temper'd ſteel to prove
An enſign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and juſtice ſprings
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I ſwear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, ſhe ſhall call in vain.
When, ſlaughter'd with ſlaughter, Hector comes to ſpread
The purpled ſhore with mountains of the dead,

Then

Then ſhalt thou mourn th' affront thy madneſs gave;
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to ſave:
Then rage in bitterneſs of ſoul, to know
This act has made the braveſt Greek thy foe.
He ſpoke; and furious hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſat. With like diſdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their paſſions with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage,
Experienc'd Neſtor, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words ſweet as honey from his lips diſtill'd;
Two generations now had paſs'd away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
What ſhame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverſe Gods commit to ſtern debate
The beſt, the braveſt of the Grecian ſtate.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat reſtrain,
Nor think your Neſtor's years and wiſdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathleſs name;
Theſeus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?

With

With theſe of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirſt which virtuous envy breeds,
And ſmit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongeſt of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deſerts red with monſters gore,
And from their hills the ſhaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet theſe with ſoft, perſuaſive arts I ſway'd;
When Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n theſe eſteem'd me wiſe;
Do you, young warriours, hear my age adviſe.
Atrides, ſeize not on the beauteous ſlave;
That prize the Greeks by common ſuffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be juſt, and ſovereign power preſide.
Thee, the firſt honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in ſtrength, and of a Goddeſs born;
Him, awful majeſty exalts above
The powers of earth, and ſceptered ſons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well-conſenting mind,
So ſhall authority with ſtrength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyſelf, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles ſhould be loſt,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our hoſt.
This ſaid, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd ſoul,
No laws can limit, no reſpect control.
Before his pride muſt his ſuperiours fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?

Him muſt our hoſts, our chiefs, ourſelves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his ſway?
Grant that the Gods his matchleſs force hath given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven?
Here on the monarch's ſpeech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting ſpoke:
Tyrant, I well deſerv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy ſlave, and ſtill to ſerve in vain;
Should I ſubmit to each unjuſt decree:
Command thy vaſſals, but command not me.
Seize on Briſeïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely ſee reſum'd;
And ſeize ſecure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering ſword in any woman's cauſe.
The Gods command me to forgive the paſt;
But let this firſt invaſion be the laſt:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'ſt invade,
Shall ſtream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the ſtern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in ſullen majeſty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow veſſels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ſhip for Chryſa's ſacred ſhores:
High on the deck was fair Chriſeïs plac'd,
And ſage Ulyſſes with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her ſides the hecatomb they ſtow'd,
Then, ſwiftly ſailing, cut the liquid road.
The hoſt to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure luſtrations, and with ſolemn prayers.

Waſh'd

Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the Hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to Gods above, and men below!

But firſt, and loudeſt to your prince declare,
That lawleſs tyrant whoſe commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles ſhall remain,
Though proſtrate Greece ſhould bleed at every vein:
The raging chief in frantic paſſion loſt,
Blind to himſelf, and uſeleſs to his hoſt,
Unſkill'd to judge the future by the paſt,
In blood and ſlaughter ſhall repent at laſt.
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in ſoft ſorrows, and in penſive thought,
Paſt ſilent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, ſlow moving o'er the ſtrand.
Not ſo his loſs the fierce Achilles bore;
But ſad retiring to the ſounding ſhore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother ſprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and diſdain,
Thus loud lamented to the ſtormy main:
O parent Goddeſs! ſince in early bloom
Thy ſon muſt fall, by too ſevere a doom;
Sure, to ſo ſhort a race of glory born,
Great Jove in juſtice ſhould this ſpan adorn:
Honour and fame at leaſt the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promiſe of a God;
If yon proud monarch thus thy ſon defies,
Obſcures my glories, and reſumes my prize.
Far from the deep receſſes of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddeſs-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a miſt ſhe roſe above the tide;

Beheld him mourning on the naked ſhores,
And thus the ſorrows of his ſoul explores.
Why grieves my ſon? Thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He deeply ſighing ſaid: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè ſacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treaſure loaded and triumphant ſpoils,
Whoſe juſt diviſion crown'd the ſoldier's toils;
But bright Chryſeïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote ſelected, to the general's bed.
The prieſt of Phœbus ſought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint conſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair;
Not ſo Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
The ſire inſulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' inſulted ſire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague enſues; th' avenging darts
Inceſſant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inſpir'd by Heaven aroſe,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myſelf the firſt th' aſſembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the power divine;

Then riſing in his wrath, the monarch ſtorm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryſeïs to her ſire was ſent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;
But now, he ſeiz'd Briſeïs' heavenly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And ſervice, faith, and juſtice, plead in vain.
But, Goddeſs! thou thy ſuppliant ſon attend,
To high Olympus' ſhining court aſcend,
Urge all the ties to former ſervice ow'd,
And ſue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft haſt thou triumph'd in the glorious boaſt,
That thou ſtood'ſt forth of all th' æthereal hoſt,
When bold rebellion ſhook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durſt threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.
Then call'd by thee, the monſter Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering ſkies enormous ſtalk'd along;
Not * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth ſo ſtrong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he ſtands,
And brandiſh'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confeſs'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.

This,

* Neptune.

This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curſe of ſuch a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warriour of the Grecian race.
Unhappy ſon! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heaven to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and fill'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, far from Ilion ſhould thy veſſels ſail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The ſire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.

Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.
  The Goddeſs ſpoke: the rolling waves uncloſe;
Then down the deep ſhe plung'd from whence ſhe roſe,
And left him ſorrowing on the lonely coaſt,
In wild reſentment for the fair he loſt.
  In Chryſa's port now ſage Ulyſſes rode;
Beneath the deck the deſtin'd victims ſtow'd;
The ſails they furl'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And drop'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the ſhore their hecatomb they land,
Chryſeïs laſt deſcending on the ſtrand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulyſſes led to Phœbus' ſacred fane;
Where at his ſolemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryſes, thus the Hero ſaid.
  Hail reverend prieſt! to Phœbus' awful dome
A ſuppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unranſom'd here receive the ſpotleſs fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God who ſcatters darts around,
Aton'd by ſacrifice, deſiſt to wound.
  At this, the ſire embrac'd the maid again,
So ſadly loſt, ſo lately ſought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Diſpos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And ſolemn voice, the prieſt directs his prayer:

God

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heaven the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youth with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress't,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress't,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:

The Greeks, reſtor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong.
'Twas night; the chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch, and hoiſt the maſt; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvaſs bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Then part, where ſtretch'd along the winding bay
The ſhips and tents in mingled proſpect lay.
But raging ſtill, amidſt his navy ſate
The ſtern Achilles, ſtedfaſt in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But waſting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and ſlaughter roll,
And ſcenes of blood riſe dreadful in his ſoul.
Twelve days were paſt, and now the dawning light
The Gods had ſummon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove firſt aſcending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning miſt in early day,
Roſe from the flood the Daughter of the Sea;
And to the ſeats divine her flight addreſt.
There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thunderer ſat; where old Olympus ſhrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.

Suppliant

Suppliant the Goddeſs ſtood: one hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd:
If e'er, O Father of the Gods! ſhe ſaid,
My words could pleaſe thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my ſon beſtow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at leaſt by heavenly promiſe due
To life ſo ſhort, and now diſhonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever juſt and wiſe!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans riſe;
Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now diſgrace.
Thus Thetis ſpoke, but Jove in ſilence held
The ſacred councils of his breaſt conceal'd.
Not ſo repuls'd, the Goddeſs cloſer preſt,
Still graſp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear requeſt:
O ſire of gods and men! thy ſuppliant hear;
Refuſe, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis leaſt the care of Jove?
She ſaid, and ſighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies?
What haſt thou aſk'd? Ah why ſhould Jove engage
In foreign conteſts, and domeſtic rage,
The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, leſt the haughty partner of my ſway
With jealous eyes thy cloſe acceſs ſurvey;
But part in peace, ſecure thy prayer is ſped:
Witneſs the ſacred honours of our head,

The

The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign;
This ſeals thy ſuit, and this fulfills thy vows—
He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook.
Swift to the ſeas profound the Goddeſs flies,
Jove to his ſtarry manſion in the ſkies.
The ſhining ſynod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of ſtate
Ariſing ſilent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majeſty of heaven appear,
Trembling they ſtand, while Jove aſſumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had ſhe view'd the ſilver-footed dame,
And all her paſſions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (ſhe cries)
Who now partakes the ſecrets of the ſkies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial ſtate.
What favourite Goddeſs then thoſe cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his conſort hides?
To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The ſacred counſels of almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkneſs lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the firſt ſhalt know
The firſt of Gods above and men below;

But

But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.
Full on the sire the Goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: Austere Saturnius, say
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me remains in force,
And all thy councils take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.
Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the Gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove.
The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply;
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His Mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;

Peace

Peace at his heart, and pleaſure his deſign,
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal ſtate
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in ſenſeleſs ſtrife employ,
We, in eternal peace and conſtant joy.
Thou Goddeſs-mother, with our ſire comply,
Nor break the ſacred union of the ſky;
Left, rouz'd to rage, he ſhake the bleſt abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.
If you ſubmit, the Thunderer ſtands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.
  Thus Vulcan ſpoke; and riſing with a bound
The double bowl with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
Goddeſs (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God ſo daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand againſt the force of Jove?
Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toſt all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motions loſt;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
  He ſaid, and to her hands the goblet heav'd
Which, with a ſmile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the reſt he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.

Vulcan

Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſkies.
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſiver ſound.
Mean time the radiant ſun, to mortal ſight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their ſtarry domes the Gods depart,
The ſhining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno ſlumber'd on the golden bed.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

JUPITER, in purſuance of the requeſt of Thetis, ſends a deceitful viſion to Agamemnon, perſuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks ſenſible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his aſſiſtance, but fears the army was diſcouraged by his abſence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their diſpoſition by a ſtratagem. He firſt communicates his deſign to the princes in council, that he would propoſe a return to the ſoldiers, and that they ſhould put a ſtop to them if the propoſal was embraced. Then he aſſembles the whole hoſt, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimouſly agree to it, and run to prepare the ſhips. They are detained by the management of Ulyſſes, who chaſtiſes the inſolence of Therſites. The aſſembly is recalled, ſeveral ſpeeches made on the occaſion, and at length the advice of Neſtor followed, which was, to make a general muſter of the troops, and to divide them into their ſeveral nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occaſion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book conſiſts not entirely of one day. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the ſea-ſhore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

NOW pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' Immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' ſon he bends his care,
And plunge the Grecks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
And thus commands the viſion of the night:
Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the duſty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illuſion fled,
Deſcends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloath'd in the figure of the Pilian ſage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age;

Around his temples ſpreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
Canſt thou, with all a monarch's cares oppreſt,
Oh Atreus' ſon! canſt thou indulge thy reſt?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes,
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And truſt the viſion that deſcends from Jove.
The phantom ſaid; then vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Reſolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thouſand ſchemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he ſacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor ſaw what Jove and ſecret Fate deſign'd,
What mighty toils to either hoſt remain,
What ſcenes of grief, and numbers of the ſlain!
Eager he riſes, and in fancy hears
The voice celeſtial murmuring in his ears.

First on his limbs a ſlender veſt he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;
Th' embroider'd ſandals on his feet were tied;
The ſtarry faulchion glitter'd at his ſide;
And laſt, his arm the maſſy ſceptre loads,
Unſtain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now roſy morn aſcends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king diſpatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp and ſummon all the bands:
The gathering hoſts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ſhip the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a ſenate of the Peers around:
Th' aſſembly plac'd, the king of men expreſt
The counſels labouring in his artful breaſt:
Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight;
Whoſe viſionary form like Neſtor came,
The ſame in habit, and in mien the ſame.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, doſt thou ſleep, Oh Atreus' ſon? (he ſaid)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes;
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.

In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear obſervant, and the Gods obey!
The viſion ſpoke, and paſt in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! ſince Heaven itſelf alarms;
Unite, and rouze the ſons of Greece to arms.
But firſt with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unſucceſsful war!
To move the troops to meaſure back the main,
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.
He ſpoke, and ſat; when Neſtor riſing ſaid,
(Neſtor, whom Pylos' ſandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the viſion of the Powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the hoſt,
Forbid it Heaven! this warning ſhould be loſt!
Then let us haſte, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouſe the ſons of Greece to arms.
Thus ſpoke the ſage: the kings without delay
Diſſolve the council, and their chief obey:
The ſceptred rulers lead; the following hoſt
Pour'd forth by thouſands, darkens all the coaſt.
As from ſome rocky cleft the ſhepherd ſees
Cluſtering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,

Rolling,

Rolling, and blackening, ſwarms ſucceeding ſwarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarſe alarms;
Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale deſcends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ſhips, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'erſhades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening ſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the meſſenger of Jove,
And ſhining ſoars, and claps her wings above.
Nine ſacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, ſuſpend the liſtening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The King of Kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden ſceptre blaz'd:
The golden ſceptre, of celeſtial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift reſign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyeſtes next the prize deſcends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright ſceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the ſpeech deſign'd:
Ye ſons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with juſtice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.

His deep deſign unknown, the hoſts approve
Atrides' ſpeech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian ſhore,
From Eaſt and South when winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark manſions in the clouds, and ſweep
The whitening ſurface of the ruffled deep.
And as on corn when weſtern guſts deſcend,
Before the blaſt the lofty harveſt bends:
Thus o'er the field the moving hoſt appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving ſpears.
The gathering murmur ſpreads, their trampling feet
Beat the looſe ſands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-reſounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ſhips, and launch into the main.
They toil, they ſweat, thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
The doubling clamours echo to the ſkies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hoſtile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight ſurvey'd,
And ſighing thus beſpoke the blue-ey'd Maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire diſgrace!
And leave unpuniſh'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, ſhall Priam, and th' adulterous ſpouſe,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And braveſt chiefs, in Helen's quarrel ſlain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon deteſted plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent ſhine in brazen arms.
Haſte, Goddeſs, haſte! the flying hoſt detain,
Nor let one ſail be hoiſted on the main.

Pallas

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ſhips precipitates her flight;
Ulyſſes, firſt in public cares, ſhe found,
For prudent counſel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppreſs'd with generous grief the hero ſtood,
Nor drew his ſable veſſels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine Laërtes' ſon!
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own diſgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen ſtill remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thouſand heroes bleed?
Haſte, generous Ithacus! prevent the ſhame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own reſiſtleſs eloquence employ,
And to th' Immortals truſt the fall of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyſſes heard, nor uninſpir'd obey'd:
Then meeting firſt Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial ſceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and reſpect to gain,
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praiſe, or with perſuaſion mov'd.
Warriours like you, with ſtrength and wiſdom bleſt,
By brave examples ſhould confirm the reſt.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but reſents our fears,
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in ſecret council ſpoke.

Jove

Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour ſprings,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
But if a clamorous vile plebeian roſe,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be ſtill, thou ſlave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye Gods, what daſtards would our hoſt command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be ſilent, wretch, and think not here allow'd,
That worſt of tyrants, an uſurping crowd:
To one ſole monarch Jove commits the ſway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.
With words like theſe the troops Ulyſſes rul'd,
The loudeſt ſilenc'd, and the fierceſt cool'd.
Back to th' aſſembly roll the thronging train,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge ſurges to the trembling ſhores:
The groaning banks are burſt with bellowing ſound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult ſinks, the noiſes ceaſe,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the camp to peace,
Therſites only clamour'd in the throng.
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpects control'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice ſtudious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ſtile,
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.

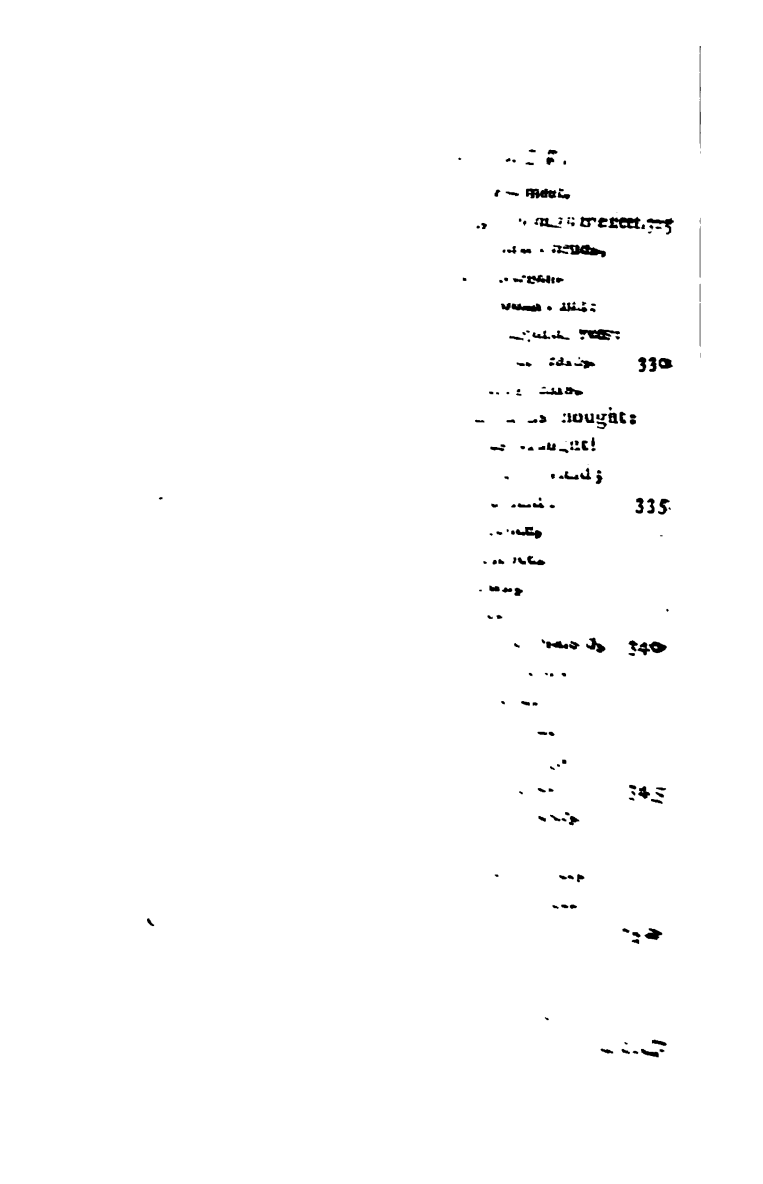
His

His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of every Greek,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warriour's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy cheſts o'erflow,
Thus at full eaſe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hoſtile towers,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For Troy to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagued with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.

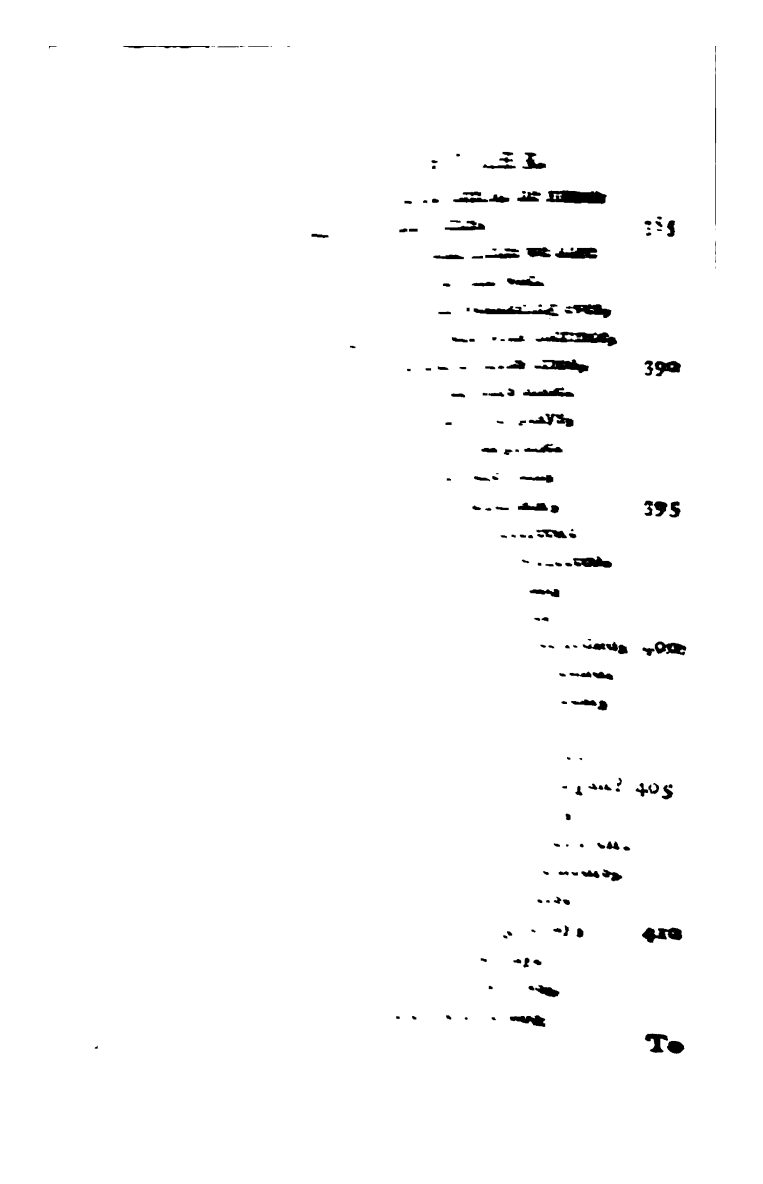
Oh

Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In loves and pleaſures on the Phrygian ſhore.
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When Hector comes: ſo great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And durſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat at this Ulyſſes ſprings,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and ſternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, raſhly vain
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the Greeks to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let thoſe lips profane the name of king.
For our return we truſt the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,

Expel



Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas where the plane-tree spreads its shades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine spire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmost branch a mother-bird possest;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:



To grudge the conqueſts mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our ſucceſsful wars.
On that great day when firſt the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main;
Jove, on the right, a proſperous ſignal ſent,
And thunder rolling ſhook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious ſtrife,
Till every ſoldier graſp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to baſe, inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoiſt his ſail to fly,
And die the daſtard firſt, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs adviſe;
Nor what they offer, thou thyſelf deſpiſe.
Among thoſe councils, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
His ſeparate troops let every leader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or ſoldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus diſtinct they war, ſhall ſoon be known,
And what the cauſe of Illion not o'er-thrown;
If fate reſiſts, or if our arms are ſlow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in ſpeaking well!
O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee;

Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy.
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy.
But Jove [illegible], who plunges those he hates
In [illegible] and in vain debates.
Now [illegible] from our aid withdraws,
By [illegible] provoked; a captive maid the cause:
[illegible] friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His [illegible] spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all [illegible] fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No [illegible], no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
[illegible] on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
[illegible]nd thunder on the stony shore.

Straight

Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and toss'd in empty air:
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,

The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide,
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide.
On theſe, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aſpire,
While the fat victim feeds the ſacred fire.
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and roaſt the reſt;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
Soon as the rage of hunger was ſuppreſt,
The generous Neſtor thus the prince addreſt:
  Now bid thy heralds ſound the loud alarms,
And call the ſquadrons ſheath'd in brazen arms:
Now ſeize th' occaſion, now the troops ſurvey,
And lead to war when Heaven directs the way.
  He ſaid; the monarch iſſued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs incloſe their king: the hoſt divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either ſide.
High in the midſt the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
From rank to rank ſhe darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal ſhield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vaſt orb an hundred ſerpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and ſtrings their nervous arms;
No more they ſigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on ſome mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames aſcend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds ariſe,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the ſkies:
So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendour flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in Aſius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cäyſter's ſprings,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tower aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore.
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as inſects play,
The wandering nation of a ſummer's day,
That, drawn by milky ſteams, at evening hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the Grecian ſquadrons ſtood
In radiant arms, and thirſt for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his ſcatter'd force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
Collects his flocks from thouſands on the plain.

The King of Kings, majeſtically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outſhines them all;
Like ſome proud bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds; the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal Nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeaſur'd height,
And hell's abyſs, hide nothing from your ſight,
(We, wretched mortals! loſt in doubts below,
But gueſs by rumour, and but boaſt we know)
Oh, ſay what heroes, fir'd by thirſt of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's deſtruction came?
To count them all, demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, aſſiſt! inſpir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntleſs I purſue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I ſing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriours whom Boeotia bred,
Penelius, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With theſe Arceſilaus and Clonius ſtand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
Theſe head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,

And

And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycaleſſia's ample piny plain.
Thoſe who in Peteon or Ileſion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the ſprings o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus ſtray,
Or Theſpis ſacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thiſbè, fam'd for ſilver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Gliſſa for the vine;
Platea green, and Niſa the divine.
And they whom Thebè's well-built walls encloſe,
Where Mydè, Eutreſus, Coroné roſe;
And Arnè rich, with purple harveſts crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmoſt bound.
Full fifty ſhips they ſend, and each conveys
Twice ſixty warriours through the foaming ſeas.
To theſe ſucceed Aſpledon's martial train,
Who plow the ſpacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Aſcalaphus the ſtrong:
Sons of Aſtyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whoſe virgin charms ſubdued the God of War.
(In Actor's court as ſhe retir'd to reſt,
The ſtrength of Mars the bluſhing maid compreſt).
Their troops in thirty ſable veſſels ſweep,
With equal oars, the hoarſe-reſounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epiſtrophus and Schedius head the war.

From thoſe rich regions where Cephiſſus leads
His ſilver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopēa, Chryſa the divine,
Where Anemoria's ſtately turrets ſhine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cypariſſus ſtood,
And fair Lilæa views the riſing flood.
Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Cloſe, on the left, the bold Bœotians ſide.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian ſquadrons on,
Ajax the leſs, Oïleus' valiant ſon;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in purſuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the choſen troops attend,
Which Beſſa, Thronus, and rich Cynos ſend:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands;
And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing Augia ſtands,
And where Boāgrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Tarphe's ſylvan ſeats reſide:
In forty veſſels cut the liquid tide.
Eubœa next her martial ſons prepare,
And ſends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and ſtrong Eretria;
Th' Iſtæan fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Cariſtos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air;
But with portended ſpears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corſlets and the brazen

Twice twenty ſhips tranſport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens ſtem the main,
Led by Mneſtheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus ſway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidſt her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe)
No chief like thee, Mneſtheus! Greece could yield,
To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.
Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe.
With theſe appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ſhips to Troy they ſteer their courſe,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Troezenè, and Maſeta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom ſtrong Tyrinthè's lofty walls ſurround,
And Epidaur with viny harveſts crown'd;
And where fair Aſinen and Hermion ſhow
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
Theſe by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,

But

But chief Tydides bore the ſovereign ſway;
In fourſcore barks they plow the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adraſtus' ancient reign;
And thoſe who dwell along the ſandy ſhore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy ſtore,
Where Helicè and Hypereſia lie,
And Gonoëſſa's ſpires ſalute the ſky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred veſſels in long order ſtand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his hoſt, unrival'd in his reign,
In ſilent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phares and Bryſia's valiant troops, and thoſe
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills incloſe:
Or Meſſe's towers for ſilver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And thoſe whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
Theſe, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cauſe
In ſixty ſhips with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
A fair one's grief, and ſees her falling tears.

In

In ninety sail, from Pylo's sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Ptelcon stand;
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams inclose:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace;
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispè shook by wintery wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite:
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriours bear;

The firſt to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.
Thoſe, where fair Elis and Buprafium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrſinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys roſe
Th' Olenian rock; and where Alifium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The ſtrength and glory of th' Epean name.
In ſeparate ſquadrons theſe their train divide,
Each leads ten veſſels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius one
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' ſon);
Diores ſprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.
But thoſe who view fair Elis o'er the ſeas
From the bleſt iſlands of th' Echinades,
In forty veſſels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
To ſtrong Dulichium from his ſire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriours led.
Ulyſſes follow'd through the watery road,
A chief, in wiſdom equal to a God.
With thoſe whom Cephalenia's iſle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coaſt oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos ſhakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged ſides are ſeen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
Theſe in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct, ſought the Phrygian ſhores.

Thoas

Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian ſteep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriours from th' Ætolián ſhore,
For now the ſons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himſelf, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now truſt the martial train,
His forty veſſels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnoſſus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And thoſe who dwell where Rhytion's domes ariſe,
Or white Lycaſtus glitters to the ſkies,
Or where by Phœſtus ſilver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her ſons.
Theſe march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.
Tlepolemus, the ſon of Hercules,
Led nine ſwift veſſels through the foamy ſeas;
From Rhodes with everlaſting ſunſhine bright,
Jalyſſus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding ſhore,
Where mighty towns in ruins ſpread the plain,
And ſaw their blooming warriours early ſlain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, ſlew;
For this, conſtrain'd to quit his native place,
And ſhun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,

A fleet

A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Encreas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and Gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus fought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Agläe to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nysyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus posseſt the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Thessalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;

Thessalians

Theſſalians all, though various in their name;
The ſame their nation, and their chief the ſame.
But now, inglorious, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array:
Cloſe in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briſeïs from his arms was torn,
The nobleſt ſpoil from ſack'd Lyrneſſus borne.
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold ſons of great Evenus ſlew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But ſoon to riſe in ſlaughter, blood, and war.
To theſe the youth of Phylacè ſucceed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And graſſy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the ſylvan ſcenes,
Sweet Pyrrhaſus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
Theſe own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
Unfiniſh'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
His troops in forty ſhips Podarces led,
Iphiclus' ſon, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt.
The men who Glaphyra's fair ſoil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake.

Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iölcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ſhips embark'd for Ilion's ſhore,
With bold Eumylus, whom Alceſte bore:
All Pelias' race Alceſtè far outſhin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methonè or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,
With Philoctetes ſail'd, whoſe matchleſs art,
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ſhips; each veſſel fifty row,
Skill'd in his ſcience of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length ſhall wiſh, nor wiſh in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' ſhore,
Oïleus' ſon, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Oechalian race, in thoſe high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty ſail the ſparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To theſe his ſkill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Aſterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in ſnow,
And where Hyperia's ſilver fountains flow.

Thy

* Æſculapius.

Thy troops, Argiſſa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades,
Gyrtonè's warriours; and where Orthè lies,
And Oloſſon's chalky cliffs ariſe.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal ſway
Leontes leads, and forty ſhips obey.
In twenty ſail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With theſe the Enians join'd, and thoſe who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleaſing Titareſius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his eaſy tides;
Yet o'er the ſilver ſurface pure they flow,
The ſacred ſtream unmix'd with ſtreams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Laſt under Prothous the Magneſians ſtood,
Prothous the ſwift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obſcures the glade, and nods his ſhaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempé Peneus ſtray'd,
(The region ſtretch'd beneath his mighty ſhade)
In forty ſable barks they ſteam'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and ſuch the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muſe! of all Achaia breeds,
Who braveſt fought, or rein'd the nobleſt ſteeds?

Eumelus' mares were foremoſt in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the ſilver bow.
Fierce in the fight their noſtrils breath'd a flame.
Their height, their colour, and their age the ſame;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the firſt renown acquir'd,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the ſtrength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrival'd race of heavenly ſteeds).
But Thetis' ſon now ſhines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the ſandy ſhore,
In empty air their ſportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the diſk, or bend an idle bow:
Unſtain'd with blood his cover'd chariots ſtand;
Th' immortal courſers graze along the ſtrand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.
Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The ſhining armies ſwept along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when ſtorms ariſe,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the ſkies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky light'ning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, preſt beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs ſhe found,
The old conſulting, and the youths around.
Polites' ſhape, the monarch's ſon, ſhe choſe,
Who from Æſetes' tomb obſerv'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in proſpect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this diſſembled form, ſhe haſtes to bring
Th' unwelcome meſſage to the Phrygian king:
Ceaſe to conſult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Aſſembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now ſuch numbers charg'd a field.
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving ſand,
The moving ſquadrons blacken all the ſtrand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Aſſemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In juſt array let every leader call
The foreign troops; this day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriours ruſh to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the duſky plain.
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
Amidſt the plain in ſight of Ilion ſtands
A riſing mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateïa in the world below)

Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son by Venus' fond embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Acamas divide
The warriour's toils, and combat by his side.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's shered hill;
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood:
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the presents of his shafts and bow.
From rich Apæsus' and Adrestia's towers,
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers;
From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adrastus' equal sway:
Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The sire forewarn'd, and propheſy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the sire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush to war, and perish'd on the plain.
From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Hyrtacides conducts his host:

High on his car he ſhakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courſers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelaſgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Lariſſa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders ſhine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hoſts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintery coaſts;
Round the bleak realms where Helleſpontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.
Pyræchmus the Pœonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the diſtant Amydon.
Axius, that ſwells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her ſavage mules;
Where Erythinus' riſing clifts are ſeen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie.
And lofty Seſamus invades the ſky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epiſtrophus command,
From thoſe far regions where the ſun refines
The ripening ſilver in Alybean mines.

There, mighty Chromis led the Myſian train,
And augur Ennomus, inſpir'd in vain,
For ſtern Achilles lopt his ſacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.
Phorcis and brave Aſcanius here unite
Th' Aſcanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of thoſe who round Mæonia's realms reſide,
Or whom the vales in ſhades of Tmolus hide,
Meſtles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' ſilent lake,
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' ſhady brows,
And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Nauſtes guide the train,
Nauſtes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles ſlain,
The river ſwept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warriour lies;
The valiant victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.
The forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
Which blameleſs Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that diſtant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

The Armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is ſent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam ſat with his counſellors, obſerving the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is ſnatched away in a cloud by Venus, and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the reſtoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene is ſometimes in the Fields before Troy, and ſometimes in Troy itſelf.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK III.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.
With ſhouts the Trojans ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winter vex the plain
With piercing froſts, or thick-deſcending rain,
To warmer ſeas, the Cranes embody'd fly,
With noiſe, and order, through the mid-way ſky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war deſcends upon the wing.
But ſilent, breathing rage, reſolv'd and ſkill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid duſt around
Darkening ariſes from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus ſheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding miſts the duſky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight ſhade;
While ſcarce the ſwains their feeding flocks ſurvey,
Loſt and confus'd amidſt the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering duſt, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, ſwept on, and hid the plain.

Now

Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom Troy ſent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung,
Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the Grecian race.
As thus, with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he ſeizes and devours the ſlain,
Preſt by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerv'd to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd, from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;
Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affrights,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
From the king the ſhining warriour flies,
Plung'd amid the thickeſt Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadſt thou died when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or died at leaſt before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly, the ſcandal of the Trojan hoſt.
Gods! how the ſcornful Greeks exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvaſs flow,
And crowds ſtood wondering at the paſſing ſhow;
Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And *both her warlike lords outſhin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right?
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt.

Troy

* Theſeus and Menelaus.

Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.
His ſilence here, with bluſhes, Paris breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:
But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force like ſteel a temper'd hardneſs ſhows,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows.
Like ſteel, uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain.
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain them, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, would'ſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The Greeks and Trojans ſeat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way ſpace our hoſts divide,
And on that ſtage of war the cauſe be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth ſhe brought:
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
He ſaid. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow:

While round his dauntleſs head the Grecians pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhower.
Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriours! lay the darts aſide:
A parley Hector aſks, a meſſage bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the Spartan king to ſingle fight;
And wills, that Helen and the raviſh'd ſpoil
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: the Spartan chief reply'd:
Me too, ye warriours, hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field reſign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that muſt, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the reſt, ſecure of future harms.
Two lambs devoted by your country's rite,
[illegible] to the Sun a white,

Prepare

Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſiderate age;
His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wavering ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in every breaſt.
Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore.
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen
With lances fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now, diſpatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rain-bow flies
(Like fair Laodicè in form and face
The lovelieſt nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.
The Trojan wars ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.

To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach, and view the wondrous ſcenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
  This ſaid, the many-colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a ſnowy vale ſhe threw,
And, ſoftly ſighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her ſilent footſteps to the Scæan gate.
  There ſat the ſeniors of the Trojan race,
(Old Priam's chiefs, and moſt in Priam's grace)
The king the firſt; Thymœtes at his ſide;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetäon, once the ſtrong;
And next, the wiſeſt of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and ſage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and baſk'd before the ſun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wiſe through time, and narrative with age,
In ſummer-days like graſhoppers rejoice,
A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice.

Theſe,

Theſe, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder, ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtic mien!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the Trojan race.

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried:
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy Grecian ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our preſent ſufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;
The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay, What Greek is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)
Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine?
Though ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a monarch, and his country's pride.
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:

Before thy preſence, father, I appear
With conſcious ſhame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to Paris only kind!

For

For this I mourn, till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form whoſe crime it was to pleaſe.
The king of kings, Atrides, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:
My brother once, before my days of ſhame;
And oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O bleſt Atrides! born to proſperous fate,
Succeſsful monarch of a mighty ſtate!
How vaſt thy empire! Of yon matchleſs train
What numbers loſt, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When god-like Mygdon led their troops of horſe,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Againſt the manlike Amazons we ſtood,
And Sangar's ſtream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior thoſe, in martial grace
And ſtrength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
This ſaid, once more he view'd the warriour-train:
What! he whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain;
Broad is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct ſmall;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The ſtately ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
And, maſter of the flock, ſurveys them round.
Then Helen thus: Whom your diſcerning eyes
Have ſingled out, is Ithacus the wiſe:

A barren iſland boaſts his glorious birth:
His fame for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myſelf, O king! have ſeen that wondrous man:
When, truſting Jove and hoſpitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cauſe;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the ſame requeſt)
My houſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:
I knew their perſons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan moſt engag'd our view;
Ulyſſes ſeated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' ſon harangu'd the liſtening train,
Juſt was his ſenſe, and his expreſſion plain,
His words ſuccinct, yet full, without a fault;
He ſpoke no more than juſt the thing he ought.
But when Ulyſſes roſe, in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fixt upon the ground,
As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
But, when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,
The copious accents fall, with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurprize;
Our ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.
The king then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endued;
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature, far exceed the reſt?

Ajax

Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himſelf a hoſt: the Grecian ſtrength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus ſuperior towers
Amidſt yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and Pollux, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant Troy refus'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſwords ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore.
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable king addreſt:
Ariſe, O father of the Trojan ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait.
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy ſon, and Sparta's king advance,
In meaſur'd lifts to toſs the weighty lance;

And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, Antenor at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds through Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian hoſt and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the ſage Ulyſſes then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the king of men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ponderous ſword;
From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes ſhare;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands:
O firſt and greateſt power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain ſway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!
Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!

Hear,

Hear, and be witneſs. If, by Paris ſlain,
Great Menelaus preſs the fatal plain;
The dame and treaſures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plow the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion juſtly pay,
And every age record the ſignal day.
Thus if the Phrygians ſhall refuſe to yield,
Arms muſt revenge, and Mars decide the field.
With that the chief the tender victims ſlew,
And in the duſt their bleeding bodies threw:
The vital ſpirit iſſued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the ſame urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the ſky;
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who firſt the league confound,
Shed like this wine, diſtain the thirſty ground;
May all their conſorts ſerve promiſcuous luſt,
And all their race be ſcatter'd as the duſt!
Thus either hoſt their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finiſh'd, reverend Priam roſe,
And thus expreſs'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But ſpare the weakneſs of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me ſhun,
Nor view the danger of ſo dear a ſon.

Whoſe arms ſhall conquer, and what prince ſhall fall;
Heaven only knows, for Heaven diſpoſes all.
This ſaid, the hoary king no longer ſtay'd,
But on his car the ſlaughter'd victims laid;
Then ſeiz'd the reins his gentle ſteeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his ſide.
Bold Hector and Ulyſſes now diſpoſe
The liſts of combat, and the ground incloſe:
Next to decide by ſacred lots prepare,
Who firſt ſhall launch his pointed ſpear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like theſe are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heaven's ſuperiour lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And ſhades eternal! let diviſion ceaſe,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted, Hector haſtes to turn
The lots of fight, and ſhakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the firſt to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies ſat the combat to ſurvey,
Beſide each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the liſts the generous courſers neigh.
The beauteous warriour now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuiſhes claſp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with ſilver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corſelet his fair body dreſt,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his ſofter breaſt:

A ra-

A radiant baldric, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
His youthful face a poliſh'd helm o'erſpread;
The waving horſe-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd ſhield, a ſhining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhakes.
With equal ſpeed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero ſheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the liſts th' admiring armies ſtand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidſt the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and ſhake the threatening lance.
The Trojan firſt his ſhining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing ſhield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his maſſy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but firſt prefers his prayers:
Give me, great Jove! to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
And lay the Trojan gaſping in the duſt:
Deſtroy th' aggreſſor, aid my righteous cauſe,
Avenge the breach of hoſpitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendſhip's holy name.
He ſaid, and pois'd in air the javelin ſent,
Through Paris' ſhield the forceful weapon went,
His corſelet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank deſcends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and diſappoints his foe:

But fierce Atrides wav'd his ſword, and ſtrook
Full on his caſque; the creſted helmet ſhook;
The brittle ſteel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke ſhort: the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
The raging warriour to the ſpacious ſkies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himſelf to truſt?
And is it thus the Gods aſſiſt the juſt?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven ſucceſs denies;
The dart falls harmleſs, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he ſaid, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the creſt) th' unhappy warriour drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unſeen ſhe came, and burſt the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The caſque, enrag'd, amid'ſt the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with ſmiles the poliſh'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirſt of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion ſhrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth ſhe led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleaſing ſweets his fainting ſenſe renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.
Meantime the brighteſt of the female kind,
-bleſs Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;

To

To her, beſet with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form * the laughter-loving dame.
(She ſeem'd an ancient maid, well-ſkill'd to cull
The ſnowy fleece, and wind the twiſted wool.)
The Goddeſs ſoftly ſhook her ſilken veſt,
That ſhed perfumes, and whiſpering thus addreſt:
Haſte, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God! with odours round him ſpread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warriour parted from the foe,
But ſome gay dancer in the public ſhow.
She ſpoke, and Helen's ſecret ſoul was mov'd;
She ſcorn'd the champion, but the man ſhe lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that ſparkled fire,
And breaſt, reveal'd the Queen of ſoft deſire.
Struck with her preſence, ſtraight the lively red
Forſook her cheek; and, trembling, thus ſhe ſaid:
Then is it ſtill thy pleaſure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations muſt I croſs the main,
Or carry wars to ſome ſoft Aſian plain?
For whom muſt Helen break her ſecond vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the ſtrife)
An odious conqueſt, and a captive wife,
Hence let me fail: and if thy Paris bear
My abſence ill, let Venus eaſe his care.
A hand-maid Goddeſs at his ſide to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly ſtate,

* Venus.

Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan ſhore,
His ſpouſe, or ſlave; and mount the ſkies no more.
For me, to lawleſs love no longer led,
I ſcorn the coward, and deteſt his bed;
Elſe ſhould I merit everlaſting ſhame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame:
Ill ſuits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguiſh, and too wild my woe.

Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
Obey the power from whom thy glories riſe:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm muſt fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languiſh in thy eye.
Ceaſe to provoke me, leſt I make thee more
The world's averſion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the ſad victim of the public rage.

At this, the faireſt of her ſex obey'd,
And veil'd her bluſhes in a ſilken ſhade;
Unſeen, and ſilent, from the train ſhe moves,
Led by the Goddeſs of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their miſtreſs wait;
Then all, diſperſing, various taſks attend;
The queen and Goddeſs to the prince aſcend.
Full in her Paris' ſight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where as he view'd her charms, ſhe turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to ſay:

Is this the chief, who, loſt to ſenſe of ſhame,
Late fled the field, and yet ſurvives his fame?

Oh

Oh hadſt thou dy'd beneath the righteous ſword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaſter Paris oft deſir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in ſingle fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee ſtay, leſt thou unſkill'd
Should'ſt fall an eaſy conqueſt on the field.
The prince replies: Ah ceaſe, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquiſh in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above,
But let the buſineſs of our life be love:
Theſe ſofter moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces ſnatch the haſty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's ſhore
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When firſt entranc'd in Cranaë's iſle I lay,
Mix'd with thy ſoul, and all diſſolv'd away!
Thus having ſpoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Ruſh'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd ſlow with baſhful charms,
And claſp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While theſe to love's delicious rapture yield,
The ſtern Atrides rages round the field:
So ſome fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the deſart, and demands his prey.
Paris he ſeeks, impatient to deſtroy,
But ſeeks in vain along the troops of Troy;

Ev'n

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the firſt Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter ſends down Minerva to break the truce. She perſwades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time ſome of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is diſtinguiſhed in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, ſome by praiſes, and others by reproofs. Neſtor is particularly celebrated for his military diſcipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are ſlain on both ſides.

The ſame day continues through this, as through the laſt book (as it does alſo through the two following, and almoſt to the end of the ſeventh book.) The ſcene is wholly in the field before Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

AND now Olympus' ſhining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, aſſume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebè, freſh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, diſpos'd to tempt Saturnia's ſpleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the ſon of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid;
But high in heaven they ſit, and gaze from far,
The tame ſpectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleaſures ſhares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, conſtant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the laſt deſpair.
Her act has reſcued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious ſtrife.
Then ſay, ye Powers! what ſignal iſſue waits
To crown this deed, and finiſh all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms ſpare,
Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?

Yet,

Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides ſoon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he ſpoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in cloſe conſult engag'd:
Apart they ſit, their deep deſigns employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath ſuppreſt;
But Juno, impotent of paſſion, broke
Her ſullen ſilence, and with fury ſpoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My ſchemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, ſhook Ilion with alarms,
Aſſembled nations, ſet two worlds in arms?
To ſpread the war, I flew from ſhore to ſhore;
Th' immortal courſers ſcarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himſelf the faithleſs race defends:
Loth as thou art to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjuſt.
The Sire whoſe thunder ſhakes the cloudy ſkies
Sighs from his inmoſt ſoul, and thus replies;
Oh laſting rancour! oh inſatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian ſtate!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'ſt confound,
And yon fair ſtructures level with the ground?

Haſte,

Haſte, leave the ſkies, fulfil thy ſtern deſire,
Burſt all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! if yet thou thirſt for more,
Bleed all his ſons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundleſs vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vaſt deſtruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
But ſhould this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whoſe guilt demands their fate,
Preſume not thou the lifted bolt to ſtay;
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that riſe
Beneath the rolling ſun and ſtarry ſkies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
None ſtands ſo dear to Jove as ſacred Troy.
No mortals merit more diſtinguiſh'd grace
Than God-like Priam, or than Priam's race,
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguiſh'd fire.
At this the Goddeſs roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycæne, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
Theſe thou may'ſt raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime 's ſufficient, that they ſhare my love.
Of power ſuperiour why ſhould I complain?
Reſent I may, but muſt reſent in vain.

Yet ſome diſtinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyſelf from one celeſtial ſire,
A Goddeſs born to ſhare the realms above,
And ſtyl'd the conſort of the thundering Jove;
Nor thou a wife and ſiſter's right deny;
Let both conſent, and both by turns comply;
So ſhall the gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven ſhall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raiſe in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their ſudden friendſhip by her arts may ceaſe,
And the proud Trojans firſt infringe the peace.
The Sire of men and Monarch of the ſky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Diſſolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithleſs act of Troy.
Fir'd with the charge, ſhe headlong urg'd her flight,
And ſhot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius ſent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal ſign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling ſailors on the wintery main)
With ſweeping glories glides along in air,
And ſhakes the ſparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open ſight,
Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hoſts admire
The power deſcending, and the heavens on fire!
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this ſignal ſent,
And Fate now labours with ſome vaſt event:

Jove ſeals the league, or bloodier ſcenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They ſaid, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In ſhape a mortal) paſs'd diſguis'd along.
Like bold Laödocus, her courſe ſhe bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high deſcent.
Amidſt the ranks Lycaön's ſon ſhe found,
The warlike Pandarus, for ſtrength renown'd;
Whoſe ſquadrons, led from black Æſopus' flood,
With flaming ſhields in martial circle ſtood.
To him the Goddeſs: Phrygian! canſt thou hear
A well-tim'd counſel with a willing ear?
What praiſe were thine, could'ſt thou direct thy dart,
Amidſt his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'ſt thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory ſlain!
Then ſeize th' occaſion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breaſt, and may that aim ſucceed!
But firſt, to ſpeed the ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the ſilver bow,
And ſwear the firſtlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.
He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd,
His poliſh'd bow with haſty raſhneſs ſeiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and ſmooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain goat reſign'd the ſhining ſpoil,
Who pierc'd long ſince beneath his arrows bled;
The ſtately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And ſixteen palms his brow's large honours ſpread:
The workman join'd, and ſhap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.

This, by the Greeks unſeen, the warriour bends,
Screen'd by the ſhields of his ſurrounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he choſe,
Fated to wound, and cauſe of future woes.
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Cloſe to his breaſt he ſtrains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering ſtring.

But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power.
Pallas aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its deſtin'd courſe:
So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Juſt where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corſlet lin'd,
She turn'd the ſhaft, which hiſſing from above,
Paſs'd the broad belt, and through the corſlet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plainted linen tore,
And raz'd the ſkin, and drew the purple gore.
As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:

With

With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
As down thy ſnowy thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming flood.
With horror ſeiz'd, the king of men deſcried
The ſhaft infix'd, and ſaw the guſhing tide;
Nor leſs the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The ſhining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a ſigh, that heav'd his manly breaſt,
The royal brother thus his grief expreſt,
And graſp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With anſwering ſighs return'd the plaintive ſound:
Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The ſolemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hoſtile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be ſlain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is ſcorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Thoſe hands we plighted, and thoſe oaths we ſwore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer blow.
The day ſhall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the duſt ſhall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's ſelf ſhall fall,
And one prodigious ruin ſwallow all.
I ſee the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I ſee th' Eternal all his fury ſhed,
And ſhake his Ægis o'er their guilty head,

Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deſerv'ſt a happier fate.
Still muſt I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my ſhare of praiſe?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartleſs Greeks no more
Shall dream of conqueſts on the hoſtile ſhore;
Troy ſeiz'd of Helen, and our glory loſt,
Thy bones ſhall moulder on a foreign coaſt:
While ſome proud Trojan thus inſulting cries,
(And ſpurns the duſt where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And ſuch the conqueſts of her King of Kings!
"Lo his proud veſſels ſcatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother ſlain."
Oh! ere that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's ſhame.
He ſaid: a leader's and a brother's fears
Poſſeſs his ſoul, which thus the Spartan chears:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltleſs of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.
To whom the king: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
N[illegible] ſeek ſome ſkilful hand, whoſe powerful art
[illegible]ch th' effuſion, and extract the dart.
[illegible] ſwift, and bid Machäon bring
[illegible]y ſuccour to the Spartan king;
[illegible]with a winged ſhaft, (the deed of Troy)
Grecian's ſorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With

With haſty zeal the ſwift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his ſearching eyes,
And finds Machäon, where ſublime he ſtands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machäon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by ſome Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his ſuccour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntleſs king yet ſtanding firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around,
Where to the ſteely point the reed was join'd,
The ſhaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd; the corſlet from his breaſt unbrac'd;
Then ſuck'd the blood, and ſovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æſculapius us'd.
While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans ruſh tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you ſeen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or ſurpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with ſevere delight,
His beating boſom claim'd the riſing fight,
No longer with his warlike ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Or preſs'd the car with poliſh'd braſs inlaid;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery courſers ſnorted at his ſide.

On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe reproves.
Brave men! he cries (to ſuch who boldly dare
Urge their ſwift ſteeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us truſt in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whoſe crimes ſit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her ſons and matrons Greece ſhall lead in chains,
And her dead warriours ſtrow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inſpires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, ſcandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deſerve to find!
Why ſtand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still muſt ye wait the foes, and ſtill retire,
Till yon tall veſſels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or truſt ye, Jove a valiant foe ſhall chace,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race?
This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy expreſt,
And claſp'd the warriour to his armed breaſt:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?

To

To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriours ſouls,
Though all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his ſpeech addreſt:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in every toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.
But let the ſignal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I aſk of Heaven.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the king his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gathering ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
Till black at night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, the embattled ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving icon wood;

A ſhady

A ſhady light was ſhot from glimmering ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.
O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe Godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raiſe your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt:
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Then to the next the general bends his courſe
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There reverend Neſtor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt order ſet his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms,
Alaſtor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed,
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
No ſtrength nor ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warriour turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;

Nor

Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preſerv'd their force,
By laws like theſe immortal conqueſt made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great Atrides' heart,
Oh! hadſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years, that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd:
Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let ſage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Meneſtheus on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx ſtands.
And next Ulyſſes, with his ſubject bands.

Remote

[illegible] not knew so far
[illegible], nor heard the found of wars: 385
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Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the tranſport of a martial mind.
Haſte to the fight, ſecure of juſt amends;
The Gods that make, ſhall keep the worthy, friends.
He ſaid, and paſs'd where great Tydides lay,
His ſteeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his ſide)
To whom with ſtern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh ſon of Tydeus! (he, whoſe ſtrength could tame
The bounding ſteed, in arms a mighty name)
Canſt thou, remote, the mingling hoſts deſcry,
With hands unactive, and a careleſs eye?
Not thus thy ſire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still firſt in front the matchleſs prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I ſaw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful gueſt, he ſought Mycenæ's towers;
Armies he aſk'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrours of the Theban war.
Next, ſent by Greece from where Aſopus flows,
A fearleſs envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hoſtile walls, unguarded and alone.
Dauntleſs he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feaſting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all thoſe chiefs around;
Dar'd and ſubdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas ſtrung his arm, and edg'd his ſword.

Strung

Stung with the ſhame, within the winding way,
To bar his paſſage fifty warriours lay;
Two heroes led the ſecret ſquadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Thoſe fifty ſlaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He ſpar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and ſuch his martial fire.
Gods! how the ſon degenerates from the ſire!
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard reſpectful, and in ſecret burn'd:
Not ſo fierce Capaneus' undaunted ſon,
Stern as his ſire, the boaſter thus begun:
What needs, O Monarch, this invidious praiſe,
Ourſelves to leſſen, while our ſires you raiſe?
Dare to be juſt, Atrides! and confeſs
Our valour equal, though our fury leſs,
With fewer troops we ſtorm'd the Theban wall,
And happier ſaw the ſevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The ſons ſubdued, for Heaven was on their ſide.
Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminiſh'd name.
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppreſs thy paſſion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuſe this rage,
Whoſe cauſe we follow, and whoſe war we wage;
His the firſt praiſe, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief diſgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He

He ſpoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms reſound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides ruſhing to the war.
As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,
The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing ſtorm, the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on ſhields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and ſilent move the numerous bands;
No ſound, no whiſper, but the chief's commands,
Thoſe only heard; with awe the reſt obey,
As if ſome God had ſnatch'd their voice away.
Not ſo the Trojans; from their hoſt aſcends
A general ſhout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd ſtand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales inceſſant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours roſe from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
Each hoſt now joins, and each a God inſpires,
Theſe Mars incites, and thoſe Minerva fires.
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terrour reign;
And Diſcord raging bathes the purple plain;
Diſcord! dire ſiſter of the ſlaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but riſing every hour,

While

[illegible] scarce the skies her horrid head can [illegible],
[illegible] in earth, and makes the world [illegible];
[illegible] bleed, where-e'er her steps [illegible],
[illegible] roan still deepens, and the [illegible].
[illegible] shield with shield, with helmet [illegible] clos'd,
[illegible] armour armour, lance to lance opposed.
Host against host with shadowy squadrons [illegible],
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans [illegible];
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plains,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter fell,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives,
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold * leader of th' Abantian throng
[illegible] to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
[illegible] strove to tug th' inserted dart,
[illegible] velin reach'd the hero's heart.

His

* Elphenor.

His flank, unguarded by his ample ſhield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and ſpurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, ſupport his limbs no more;
The ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the ſlain;
The war renews, the warriours bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïſius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell:
Fair Simoïſius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on ſilver Simois' ſhore:
The nymph deſcending from the hills of Ide,
To ſeek her parents on his flowery ſide,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax ſlain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
To ſhape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïſius lies
Stretch'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wiſe Ulyſſes, ſlew.

He drops the corpſe of Simoiſius ſlain,
And ſinks a breathleſs carcaſs on the plain.
This ſaw Ulyſſes, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his ſight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief ſtood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's ſon, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
With piercing ſhrieks the youth reſigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the ſhades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
Ev'n godlike Hector ſeems himſelf to fear;
Slow he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with ſhouts preſs on, and ſpoil the dead:
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and your ſtrokes they feel.
Have ye forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the Trojan powers:

While

While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the Grecian foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends and native bands,
And ſpreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving boſom ſtood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warriour tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
The corpſe now breathleſs on the bloody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The Thracian bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epian race:
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had ſome brave chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each hoſt with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Book the Fifth.

[illegible] Pandarus, [illegible] Troilus in the [illegible] Pandarus [illegible] to [illegible] the Goddess [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Pandarus is called, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies,
When freſh he rears his radiant orb to ſight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, ſhoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief beſtow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward ſhe drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage.
The ſons of Dares firſt the combat ſought,
A wealthy prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The ſons to toils of glorious battle bred;
Theſe ſingled from their troops the fight maintain,
Theſe from their ſteeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw ne[ar]
And firſt bold Phegus caſt his ſounding ſpear;

Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its erring force.
Not ſo, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breaſt, and ſtretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unuſual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And, had not Vulcan lent his celeſtial aid,
He too had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But in a ſmoky cloud the God of fire
Preſerv'd the ſon, in pity to the ſire.
The ſteeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the ſpoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and ſhame, the Trojan crew
Or ſlain, or fled, the ſons of Dares view;
When by the blood-ſtain'd hand Minerva preſt
The God of battles, and this ſpeech addreſt:
Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and ſhake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whoſe the conqueſt mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd th' impetuous warriour's heat,
The God of arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds,
They ſat, and liſten'd to the dying ſounds.
Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race purſue,
And ſome bold chieftain every leader ſlew:
Firſt Odius falls, and bites the bloody ſand,
His d[illegible] ennobled by Atrides' hand;

As he to flight his wheeling car addreſt,
The ſpeedy javelin drove from back to breaſt.
In duſt the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms reſound, the ſpirit wings its way.
Thy fate was next, O Phæſtus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended ſteel;
Whom Borus ſent (his ſon and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlaſting ſhades his eyes ſurround.
Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race:
Diana taught him all her ſylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon ſent,
Through his broad back and heaving boſom went:
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion ſent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's ſkill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair deſign,
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the ſhipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris roſe,
The fatal cauſe of all his country's woes;

But

[illegible] will of Heaven [illegible].
[illegible] me [illegible].
The [illegible] while [illegible] the [illegible].
The [illegible] with the [illegible].
[illegible] with [illegible].
[illegible] and the [illegible].
[illegible] with [illegible],
[illegible] his eyes.
[illegible] Pedæus [illegible],
[illegible] a foreign bed,
[illegible], Theano, [illegible] fair,
[illegible] the young stranger with a mother's care.
[illegible] when Meges in the rear
[illegible] the fatal spear;
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.
Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
[illegible] through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain;

Now

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd molee the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds.
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the * leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore;
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:
Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.
So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;

When

* Pandarus.

When thus the king his guardian power addreſt,
The purple current wandering o'er his veſt:
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd main!
If e'er my godlike Sire deſerv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, Goddeſs, now thy ſacred ſuccour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whoſe arrow wounds the chief thou guard'ſt in fight;
And lay the boaſter groveling on the ſhore,
That vaunts theſe eyes ſhall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid ſpirits chear'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating boſom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (ſhe cry'd) in every combat ſhine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Ruſh to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy ſoul:
Strength ſwells thy boiling breaſt, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the warring Deities.
Theſe ſee thou ſhun, through all th' embattled plain,
Nor raſhly ſtrive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her ſhalt thou wound: ſo Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero ruſh'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.

As

As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidſt the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance ſome ſhepherd with a diſtant dart
The ſavage wound, he rouzes at the ſmart,
He foams, he roars; the ſhepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with leſs fury ſtern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an inſtant flew:
Aſtynoüs breathleſs fell, and by his ſide
His people's paſtor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Aſtynoüs' breaſt the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's ſhoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Thoſe ſlain he left; and ſprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wiſe and old,
Could fates foreſee, and myſtic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the ſad father try'd his arts in vain;
No myſtic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides' ſpear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vaſt was his wealth, and theſe the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To ſtrangers now deſcends his heapy ſtore,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two ſons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glittering in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
As when the lordly lion ſeeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious bound,
Bends their ſtrong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their ſeats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their ſteeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends purſued,
Through the thick ſtorm of ſinging ſpears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty ſon;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchleſs ſkill, thy yet unrival'd fame,
And boaſted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the diſtant ſkies
To puniſh Troy for ſlighted ſacrifice;
(Which oh avert from our unhappy ſtate!
For what ſo dreadful as celeſtial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man, deſtroy; if God, intreat to ſpare.
To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such courſers whirl him o'er the duſty field,
So towers his helmet, and ſo flames his ſhield.

If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's diſguiſe;
Or if that chief, ſome guardian of the ſkies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unſeen the fruſtrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The ſtroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift horſes to the rapid car.
Ten poliſh'd chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten courſers wait their lord's command.
The good old warriour bade me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for Troy I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his councils with unheedful mind,
And thought the ſteeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' ſons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to ſlaughter, but provoke the foe.

In

In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung,
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung,
Curs'd be the fate that ſent me to the field,
Without a warriour's arms, the ſpear and ſhield!
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I ſee my ſpouſe and ſire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift diſgrace.
The diſtant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The ruſhing chariot, and the bounding ſteed.
Againſt yon hero let us bend our courſe,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my ſeat, and from the chariot's height
Obſerve my father's ſteeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, through fighting fields we go;
Or ſafe to Troy, if Jove aſſiſt the foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein;
The warriour's fury let this arm ſuſtain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the ſpear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant ſon reply'd)
As thine the ſteeds, be thine the taſk to guide.
The horſes, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and anſwer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we deſert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:

Elſe

Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terrour of the field.
And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding courſers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd:
O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke:
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;

Then heed my words: my horſes here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas' empty ſeat proceed,
And ſeize the courſers of ætherial breed:
The race of thoſe, which once the thundering God
For raviſh'd Ganymede on Tros beſtow'd,
The beſt that e'er on earth's broad ſurface run,
Beneath the riſing or the ſetting ſun.
Hence great Anchiſes ſtole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
Four of this race his ample ſtalls contain,
And two tranſport Æneas o'er the plain.
Theſe, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world ſhould make our glory known.
Thus while they ſpoke the foe came furious on,
And ſtern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain aſſail'd,
The ſpear may enter where the arrow fail'd.
He ſaid, then ſhook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad ſhield the ſounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung.
He h' eds! the pride of Greece! (the boaſter cries)
O' riumph now the mighty warriour lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed repl y'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye 'ſcape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of War.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;

Craſh'd

Crush'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.
To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcase lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
He swung it round; and, gathering strength to throw,
Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged ston
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warriour lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;

But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchiſes in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd ſon her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match the falling ſnows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the ruſhing horſe, and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting ſteeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the car.
Next ruſhing to the Dardan ſpoil, detains
The heavenly courſers with the flowing manes:
Theſe, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides ſwept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No Goddeſs ſhe commiſſion'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her fable ſhield,
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew ſoft combats ſuit the tender dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to fame.

Through

Through breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil, which all the Graces wove;
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd.
From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he caſts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then, with a voice that ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
The king inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no ſcene for thee:
Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.
Tydides thus. The Goddeſs, ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, ſwift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.

[illegible]

[illegible] Pedides given,

[illegible] Heaven.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not Hermes' care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's ſelf has bore her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's ſon infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confeſt,
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, ſprinkling heavenly balm around,
Aſſuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Raſh, impious man! to ſtain the bleſt abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
No infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground;
Thy diſtant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,
Shall rouze thy ſlaves, and her loſt lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The ſacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd Maid:
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this miſchance the Cyprian Queen befell.
As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of Troy;
The claſping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and men ſuperior ſmil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus addreſt his child:
Not theſe, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts befit, and ſofter wars;
Sweet ſmiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Fluſh'd with celeſtial blood purſu'd his way,
And fearleſs dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he ſaw him kill'd,
Though ſkreen'd behind Apollo's mighty ſhield.
Thrice ruſhing furious, at the chief he ſtrook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
O ſon of Tydeus, ceaſe! be wiſe, and ſee
How vaſt the difference of the Gods and thee;

Diſtance

Diſtance immenſe! between the powers that ſhine
Above, eternal, deathleſs, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A ſhort-liv'd reptile in the duſt of earth.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the ſilver bow
A phantom rais'd, the ſame in ſhape and ſhow
With great Æneas; ſuch the form he bore,
And ſuch in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the ſpectre bloody wars are wag'd;
And Greece and Troy with claſhing ſhields engag'd.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo ſtood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt th' embattled wall,
Riſe in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Diſpatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of battle iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How

How long, ye ſons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee Priam's people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas ſinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haſte all, and take the generous warriour's part,
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, theſe bold words addreſs'd:
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour loſt?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boaſt,
That propt alone by Priam's race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends.
Remote they ſtand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wiſh of mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me:
Yet firſt in fight my Lycian bands I chear,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars ſave.
Haſte, warriour, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate

Full

Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:

Soon

Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he ſtood, and vigorous from his wound:
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce Diſcord ſtorms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field 's in flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax ſtood;
And great Ulyſſes, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the labouring Grecian train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging hoſts ſuſtain.
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the ſkies their gloomy lines diſplay;
When now the North his boiſterous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours, motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
Till the maſs ſcatters as the winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken through the ruffled ſkies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave aſſociates and yourſelves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!

On

On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
  Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong Deïcoon's chance:
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field,
But now the monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield:
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
  The fierce Æneas, brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt Orſilochus and Chrethon laid,
Whoſe ſire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well built Pheræ held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous ſtream! that yields
Increaſe of harveſts to the Pylian fields.
He got Orſilochus, Diöcleus he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge Atrides: now untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontrol'd
Depopulate the ſtalls, and waſte the fold;

Till

Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The Gods but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Neſtor's valiant ſon
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, ſhould Helen's lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatning heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hands.
In ruſh'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
Theſe ſeen, the Dardan backward turn'd his courſe,
Brave as he was, and ſhun'd unequal force.
The breathleſs bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix'd in combat, and their toils renew.
Firſt Pylæmenes, great in battle bled,
Who ſheath'd in braſs the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courſer, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by Neſtor's ſon was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone,
From his numb'd hand the ivory-ſtudded reins,
Dropt in the duſt, are trail'd along the plains:

Mean-

Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector saw, and raging at the view
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles shin'd,
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last.
Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands:
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring Gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!

Retire

Retire then, warriours, but ſedate and ſlow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Truſt not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks, the black battalions drew;
And firſt two leaders valiant Hector ſlew:
His force Anchialus and Mneſthes found,
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the ſame car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the ſight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the foes.
His maſſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent,
Through Amphius' belt and heavy belly went:
Amphius Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
With herds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
But fate reſiſtleſs from his country led
The chief, to periſh at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to ſeize it, conquering Ajax ſprung;
Around his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
A wood of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpſe he preſt,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breaſt:
He could no more; the ſhowering darts deny'd
To ſpoil his glittering arms and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With briſtling lances, and compacted ſhields;
Till, in the ſteely circle ſtraighten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and ſternly quits the ground.

While

While thus they ſtrive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unreſiſted fate,
Burns with deſire Sarpedon's ſtrength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the ſon of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverſe chief came on,
Jove's great deſcendant, and his greater ſon.
Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he toſt,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boaſt.
What brings this Lycian counſellor ſo far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain ſelf; nor let their flattery move,
Who ſtyle thee ſon of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike thoſe chiefs of race divine,
How vaſt the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got ſuch heroes as my ſire, whoſe ſoul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell control.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts ſtand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With ſix ſmall ſhips, and but a ſlender train,
He left the town a wide-deſerted plain.
But what art thou? who deedleſs look'ſt around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou muſt yield to me.
Pierc'd by my ſpear, to endleſs darkneſs go!
I make this preſent to the ſhades below.
The ſon of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty ſpoke. The Lycian king reply'd:
Thy ſire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan ſtate,
Whoſe perjur'd monarch well deſerv'd his fate;

Thoſe heavenly ſteeds the hero fought ſo far,
Falſe he detain'd, the juſt reward of war.
Nor ſo content, the generous chief defy'd,
With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boaſt,
Shall raiſe my glory when thy own is loſt:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon ſlain,
Add one more ghoſt to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He ſaid: both javelins at an inſtant flew;
Both ſtruck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew
Full in the boaſter's neck the weapon ſtood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The ſoul diſdainful ſeeks the caves of night,
And his ſeal'd eyes for ever loſe the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was preſent, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each buſied in his ſeveral part,
Through haſte, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with ſlain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whoſe fall Ulyſſes view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great ſon he ſhould purſue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the firſt deſign withſtand,
Nor this great death muſt grace Ulyſſes' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alaſtor, Cronius, Halius, ſtrow'd the plain,

Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his ſword had ſent to hell,
But Hector ſaw; and, furious at the ſight,
Ruſh'd terrible amidſt the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wiſh'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
Oh ſuffer not the foe to bear away
My helpleſs corpſe, an unaſſiſted prey;
If I, unbleſt, muſt ſee my ſon no more,
My much-lov'd conſort, and my native ſhore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's ſacred wall;
Troy, in whoſe cauſe I fell, ſhall mourn my fall.
He ſaid, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But ſhakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the ſcattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's conſecrated ſhade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his ſinewy thigh.
The fainting ſoul ſtood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls ſwam the ſhades of night;
But Boreas riſing freſh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his ſpirit from the gates of death.
The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who firſt, who laſt, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſand?

Teuthras the great, Oreſtes the renown'd
For manag'd ſteeds, and Trechus preſs'd the ground:
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
Oreſbius laſt fell groaning at their ſide:
Oreſbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy ſway,
Where lakes ſurround low Hyle's watery plain;
A prince and people ſtudious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the ſkies ſurvey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, beſpoke the blue-ey'd Maid.
Oh ſight accurſt! ſhall faithleſs Troy prevail,
And ſhall our promiſe to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers ſhould fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with ſlaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haſte, let us arm, and force with force oppoſe!
She ſpoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empreſs calls her blazing car.
At her command, ruſh forth the ſteeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings ſhine.
Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of ſounding braſs; the poliſh'd axle ſteel.
Eight brazen ſpokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.

The

The boſſy naves of ſolid ſilver ſhone;
Braces of gold ſuſpend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal courſers hold.
Herſelf, impatient, to the ready car
The courſers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas diſrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diverſify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
Jove's cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad ſhoulders hangs his horrid ſhield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents hiſſing guards the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The maſſy golden helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'erſhading plumes;
So vaſt, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddeſs thus th' imperial car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.

Swift at the ſcourge th' ethereal courſers fly,
While the ſmooth chariot cuts the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the powers;
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with eaſe away.
The ſounding hinges ring; on either ſide
The gloomy volumes pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient ſkies
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads ariſe;
Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;
O'er all the Gods ſuperiour and alone.
There with her ſnowy hand the Queen reſtrains
The fiery ſteeds, and thus to Jove complains:
O Sire! can no reſentment touch thy ſoul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawleſs rage on yon forbidden plain,
What raſh deſtruction! and what heroes ſlain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the ſlaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whoſe unrelenting mind
No God can govern, and no juſtice bind.
Say, mighty father! ſhall we ſcourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?
To whom aſſenting, thus the Thunderer ſaid:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monſter-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breaſt with woes.

He ſaid; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Laſh'd her white ſteeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the ſteep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and ſtarry poles.
Far as a ſhepherd, from ſome point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye;
Through ſuch a ſpace of air, with thundering ſound,
At every leap th' immortal courſers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd thoſe banks divine
Where ſilver Simoïs and Scamander join.
There Juno ſtopp'd, (and her fair ſteeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For theſe, impregnate with celeſtial dew
On Simoïs' brink ambroſial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the ſailing doves, they glide along.
The beſt and braveſt of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides ſtand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
Heaven's empreſs mingles with the mortal croud,
And ſhouts, in Stentor's ſounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the ſtrong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whoſe throat ſurpaſs'd the force of fifty tongues.
Inglorious Argives! to your race a ſhame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now iſſuing fearleſs they poſſeſs the plain,
Now win the ſhores, and ſcarce the ſeas remain.

Her ſpeech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides ſtood th' Athenian maid;
The king beſide his panting ſteeds ſhe found,
O'erſpent with toil, repoſing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he ſat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);
Large drops of ſweat from all his limbs deſcend;
Beneath his ponderous ſhield his ſinews bend,
Whoſe ample belt, that o'er his ſhoulders lay,
He eas'd, and waſh'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddeſs leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beſide his courſers, thus her ſilence broke:

Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whoſe little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremoſt he preſs'd in glorious toils to ſhare,
And ſcarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feaſt, encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd, and vanquiſh'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and ſuch force in fight.
Thou too no leſs haſt been my conſtant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and ſent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or ſloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus anſwer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy preſence, and confeſs thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'ſt, withholds me from the plains,
Nor ſloth hath ſeiz'd me, but thy word reſtrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'ſt me turn my ſpear,
And Venus only found reſiſtance here.

Hence

Hence, Goddeſs! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, theſe eyes beheld,
With ſlaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himſelf, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horſe:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,
And every ſide of wavering combat tries;
Large promiſe makes, and breaks the promiſe made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.
She ſaid, and to the ſteeds approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and ſo great a God.
She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horſe:
But firſt to hide her heavenly viſage ſpread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Juſt then gigantic Periphas lay ſlain,
The ſtrongeſt warriour of th' Ætolian train;
The God, who ſlew him, leaves his proſtrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, ruſhing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courſer's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:

Pallas

Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the ſtrong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike ſon;
The javelin hiſs'd; the Goddeſs urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent ſkin the warriour tugs again
The ſmoaking ſteel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When ſhouting millions ſhake the thundering field.
Both armies ſtart, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the ſound.
As vapours blown by Auſter's ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius riſe,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies;
In ſuch a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the duſty whirlwind ſcales the heaven.
Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
There ſullen ſate beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celeſtial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:
Can Jove, ſupine, flagitious facts ſurvey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celeſtial powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all theſe ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the ſhield and ſpear:
Thou gav'ſt that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardleſs of the right.

All

All heaven beſide reveres thy ſovereign ſway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy beheſts obey:
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending ſhare
Thy breaſt, thy counſels, thy diſtinguiſh'd care:
So boundleſs ſhe, and thou ſo partial grown,
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Againſt th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus firſt his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquiſh'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
From mortal madneſs ſcarce was ſav'd by flight.
Elſe hadſt thou ſeen me ſink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of ſlain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of thunders view'd, and ſtern beſpoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting ſtrain?
Of lawleſs force ſhall lawleſs Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy ſoul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we uſe;
She gives th' example, and her ſon purſues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou ſhalt not mourn,
Sprung ſince thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.

Elſe,

Elſe, ſing'd with lightning hadſt thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who ſhakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's preſt juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid ſtream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and ſo ſoon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the duſt and gore, fair Hebè dreſt
His mighty limbs in an immortal veſt.
Glorious he ſate, in majeſty reſtor'd,
Faſt by the throne of heaven's ſuperior Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the bleſt abodes,
Their taſk perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Epiſodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a ſolemn proceſſion of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the abſence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendſhip and hoſpitality paſt between their anceſtors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, haſtens again to the field.

The ſcene is firſt in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

NOW Heaven forſakes the fight: th' immortals yield,
To human force and human ſkill, the field:
Dark ſhowers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd *ſtreams, that bound the death-ful plain,
On either ſide run purple to the main.
Great Ajax firſt to conqueſt led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
Where the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And ſeals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich, and good:
In fair Ariſbe's walls (his native place)
He held his ſeat; a friend to human race.
Faſt by the road, his ever open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

To

* Scamander and Simoïs.

To ſtern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathleſs the good man fell, and by his ſide
His faithful ſervant, old Caleſius, dy'd.
By great Euryalus was Dreſus ſlain,
And next he lay'd Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion ſprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
In ſecret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthleſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
Aſtyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulyſſes' ſpear Pydytes ſent to hell;
By Teucer's ſhaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Neſtor's ſon laid ſtern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedaſus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where ſilver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was ſlain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbleſt Adraſtus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan ſpear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong ſteeds precipitate in flight,
Ruſh'd on a tamariſk's ſtrong trunk, and broke
The ſhatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;

Wide

Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind;
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;
The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer addreſs'd:
Oh, ſpare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
When fame ſhall tell, that, not in battle ſlain,
Thy hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain;
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel well temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart;
He ſtood, ſuſpended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe Atrides' mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a Trojan from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall,
A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words with warmth addreſt,
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's javelin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.

Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Neſtor ſaw, and rouz'd the warriours' rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No ſon of Mars deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage Helenus her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt.
Where Hector ſtood, with great Æneas join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind:

Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' ſoft arms the cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourſelves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous ſtand;
Preſt as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;

Unbar

Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmoſt tower.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led:
If ſo the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our boſts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle riſe.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazling ſpears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midſt her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud: Ye dauntleſs Dardans, hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Hector aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall;

Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' ſon
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs ſires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celeſtial, thou deſcend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandiſh'd ſteel from Nyſſa's ſacred grove:
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heaven; but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my ſire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' ſon enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.
A city ſtands on Argos' utmoſt bound,
(Argos the fair for warlike ſteeds renown'd)
Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,
Then call'd Ephyre; Glaucus was his ſon;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.

For him Antæa burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endued with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bleſt by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' ſilver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd:
The fatal tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the king reveal'd,
Firſt, dire Chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd:
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſkies,
And truſted Heaven's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fierceſt of men) and thoſe the warriour ſlew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd ſtill, for Heaven was on his ſide.

Nor

Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambuſh roſe,
With level'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
There fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confeſs'd the Gods, and God-deſcended chief;
His daughter gave, the ſtranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot poſſeſs'd.
With two brave ſons and one fair daughter bleſs'd;
(Fair ev'n in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove)
But when at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
Forſook by heaven, forſaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldeſt-born by raging Mars was ſlain,
In combat on the Solymœan plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I fought the Trojan town,
By his inſtructions learn to win renown,
To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the generous warriour fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addreſt:
Welcome, my brave hereditary gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred friendſhip of our race.
Know, chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of old;
Oeneus the ſtrong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my treaſures, ſtill adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the ſons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If Heaven our ſteps to foreign lands incline,
My gueſt in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full harveſt of yon ample field;
Enough of Greeks ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought reſign'd,
Jove warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind:

For

For Diomed's braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For huſbands, brothers, ſons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods t'avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's ſtately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous frame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty ſons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where Priam's daughters ſate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd ſpouſes ſhone,
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone.
Hither great Hector paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodicè, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the nymphs of Troy's illuſtrious race):
Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her ſon,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! ſay, what great occaſion calls
My ſon from fight, when Greece ſurrounds our walls?
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' Almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?

Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the Power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ires
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouze ſoft Paris to the war;
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
recreant warriour hear the voice of fame.

Oh,

Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſummon'd came
Each noble matron and illuſtrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from ſoft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian ſhore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperiour far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmoſt tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.
The prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus ſhe prays:
Oh awful goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the Trojan wall.

So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While theſe appear before the Power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himſelf the manſion rais'd, from every part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length.
The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whoſe uſeleſs arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their ſplendid ſhow,
Brightening the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him Helen with her virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece againſt us, both conſpire;
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire,
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;

For thee the ſoldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And waſteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conquering flames aſcend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis juſt (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my abſence leſs, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conſcious ſhame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſat,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give ſucceſs.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris ſhall not lag behind.
He ſaid, nor anſwer'd Priam's warlike ſon;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerves a ſiſter's name!
Would Heaven, ere all theſe dreadful deeds were done,
The day that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and Paris of theſe ills the worſt.

Helen

Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame!
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for Paris' ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe, and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt through ages long.
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.
The chief reply'd: This time forbids to reſt:
The Trojan bands, by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my ſoul 's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquiſh Hector by a Grecian hand.
He ſaid, and paſs'd with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part;
At home he ſought her, but he ſought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her ſecond joy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy,
Penſive ſhe ſtood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the ſight;
There her ſad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
Whoſe virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and aſk'd what way ſhe bent
Her parting ſtep? If to the fane ſhe went,
Where late the mourning matrons made reſort;
Or ſought her ſiſters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's ſteepy tower ſhe bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the Grecian ſword;
She heard, and trembled for her abſent lord:
Diſtracted with ſurprize, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.
The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion ſway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;

Aſtyanax

Aſtyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warriour ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither doſt thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies;
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of Heaven, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenour run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waſte, and ſlew my warlike ſire!
His fate compaſſion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,

Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hypplacia's ſylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd: That poſt ſhall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!

Thy

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrours from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs powers! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain, he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidſt the general ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.

The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſued:
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His towery helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at every look: then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warriour bends his way.

The

The wanton courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriours paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſloth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or god-like Paris live a woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake in war.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her ſeas returns.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſingle Combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehenſions for the Greeks. Apollo, ſeeing her deſcend from Olympus joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a ſingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon Ajax. Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor propoſes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the laſt of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, purſuant to the advice of Neſtor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades. Neptune teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from Jupiter. Both armies paſs the night in feaſting, but Jupiter diſheartens the Trojans with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The ſcene lies wholly in the field.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

SO ſpoke the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms.
As when to ſailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales ariſe,
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to Troy's deſiring train;
The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris firſt the work of death begun
On great Meneſtheus, Areïthous' ſon:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arnè was his native place.
Then ſunk Ilioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.

When

When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce ſhe deſcends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from Ilion's towery height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus Apollo to the Blue-ey'd Maid:
What cauſe, O Daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progreſs from the realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great Ilion bend:
Since vengeful Goddeſſes confederate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the ſkies:
But who ſhall bid conflicting hoſts forbear,
What art ſhall calm the furious ſons of war?
To her the God: Great Hector's ſoul incite
To dare the boldeſt Greek to ſingle fight,
Till Greece, provok'd from all her numbers ſhow,
A warriour worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector, inſpir'd, he ſought: ſo him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt:
O ſon of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!

Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combat on the lifted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date,
The Gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is fate.
He ſaid: the warriour heard the word with joy;
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand
The ſquadrons part; th' expecting Trojans ſtand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obſcure the duſky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.
As when a general darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves ſcarce heave, the face of ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horrour ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhake the ground.
Great Hector firſt amidſt both armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their powers beſpoke:
Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my ſoul prompts, and what ſome God commands:
Great Jove, averſe our warfare to compoſe,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;

War

War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcass to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greck lies there,
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!

Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grow,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.
These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour prest,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress:
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
Whither, O Menelaüs! would'st thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine,
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.
The mightiest warriour of th' Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He,

He, from whoſe lips divine perſuaſion flows,
Grave Neſtor, then, in graceful act aroſe.
Thus to the kings he ſpoke: What grief, what ſhame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!
How ſhall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their ſons degenerate, and their race a ſcorn?
What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wiſdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's ſire!
Gods! ſhould he ſee our warriours trembling ſtand,
And trembling all before one hoſtile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the ſpring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian ſpears my proweſs try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areïthous, known from ſhore to ſhore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.

Him

Him not by manly force Lycurgus ſlew,
Whoſe guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
Nor aught the warriour's thundering mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: thoſe arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquiſh'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he conſign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he cruſh'd our level'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
Nor could the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
All ſaw, and fear'd, his huge tempeſtuous ſway.
Till I, the youngeſt of the hoſt, appear'd,
And, youngeſt, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, Oh were you Neſtor now!
Not Hector's ſelf ſhould want an equal foe.
But, warriours, you, that youthful vigour boaſt,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our hoſt,
Sprung from ſuch fathers, who ſuch numbers ſway,
Can you ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?
His warm reproofs the liſtening kings inflame;
And nine, the nobleſt of the Grecian name,
Up-ſtarted fierce: but far before the reſt
The king of men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:
Oïleus follow'd; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the God of War:

With theſe Eurypylus and Thoas ſtood,
And wiſe Ulyſſes clos'd the daring band.
All theſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian ſage:
Left thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide;
What chief ſhall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to raiſe
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.
The lots produc'd, each hero ſigns his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like theſe aſcend from all the bands:
Grant, thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian ſtate.
This taſk let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove!
Old Neſtor ſhook the caſque. By heaven inſpir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek deſir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriours! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be [illegible] conqueſt of this chief of Troy.
[illegible] my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt,
[illegible] ſon be all your vows addreſt:
[illegible] ſecret, leſt the foes ſhould hear,
[illegible] your prayers the mean effect of fear.

Said

Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He ſaid. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God whoſe thunder rends the ſkies:
O Father of mankind, ſuperior Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt heaven haſt fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day:
Or if illuſtrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may ſhare.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the giant-warriour ſhone:
He moves to combat with majeſtic pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to puniſh faithleſs men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſte of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God:
Grimly he ſmil'd; earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy javelin quivering in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new tranſport ran;
All Troy ſtood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt oppreſt,
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt:

'Twas vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample ſhield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with ſeven thick folds o'ercaſt,
Of tough bull-hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd:)
This Ajax bore before his manly breaſt,
And, threatening, thus his adverſe chief addreſt:
Hector! approach my arm, and ſingly know
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be ſudden, and begin the fight.
O ſon of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield,

But

But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble foe.
He ſaid; and, riſing high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance againſt the ſevenfold ſhield.
Full on the braſs deſcending from above
Through ſix bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the ſeventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's ſhield the forceful javelin flew,
His corſlet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank deſcends.
The wary Trojan ſhrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, diſappoints the blow.
From their bor'd ſhields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then cloſe impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point againſt the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty ſpear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,
Black, craggy, vaſt: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock.
Then Ajax ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly:

The huge ſtone thundering through his buckler broke:
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield:
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The ſacred miniſters of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And ſage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the ſwords their peaceful ſceptres rear'd;
And firſt Idæus' awful voice was heard:

Forbear, my ſons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful ſhade;
The Goddeſs parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high ſoul expreſs'd:
O Sage! to Hector be theſe words addreſs'd:
"Let him who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night;
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when Hector ſhows the way."

Oh firſt of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, ſuperior to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war,

Some

Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange ſome gift; that Greece and Troy may ſay,
"Not hate, but glory, made theſe chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his ſoul a friend."
With that, a ſword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldrick ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majeſtic grace they quit the plain;
This ſeeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their ſtate:
Eſcap'd great Ajax, they ſurvey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their preſent triumph, as their late deſpair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A ſteer for ſacrifice the king deſign'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they ſtrip the ſmoking hide,
The beaſt they quarter, and the joints divide;

Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
The king himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt!
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamandra's ſhore!
What crouds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a funeral ſtructure rear;
So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval powers,
Raiſe an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe.
'Twas thus the ſage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Mean-

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council ſate:
A ſenate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what every God requires:
Let Sparta's treaſures be this hour reſtor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practiſe, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The ſenior ſpoke, and ſate. To whom reply'd
The graceful huſband of the Spartan bride:
Cold counſels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But found ungrateful in a warriour's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt given,
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by Heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.
'Twas then, the growing diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the reverend Priam roſe:
His God-like aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacific words enſue:

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new ſun reſtore the chearful light:
Then ſhall our herald to th' Atrides ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that Troy may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch ſpoke! the warriours ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſt.
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips Idæus bent his way;
There, to the ſons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the hoſt ſtood liſtening round:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo Heaven ſucceed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he periſh'd ere they touch'd our ſhore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increaſe
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce, to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!

The

The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke;
At length Tydides roſe, and riſing ſpoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conqueſt make them ours: fate ſhakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'ſt the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpſe; I war not with the dead:
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the ſlain:
Be witneſs, Jove, whoſe thunder rolls on high!
He ſaid, and rear'd his ſceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their ſeveral cares the Trojans move;
Some ſearch the plains, ſome fell the ſounding grove:
Nor leſs the Greeks, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on earth again,
Aroſe the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage ſearch'd the mournful plain.

Scarce

Scarce could the friend his ſlaughter'd friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly flow to ſacred Troy return'd.
Nor leſs the Greeks their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And, ſlowly, ſadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had ſtreak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to ſecure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?

See

See the long walls extending to the main,
No God conſulted, and no victim ſlain?
Their fame ſhall fill the world's remoteſt ends;
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the ſkies:
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid Earth's eternal baſis ſhake:
What cauſe of fear from mortal works could move
The meaneſt ſubject of our realms above?
Where-e'er the ſun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling ſun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew:
Black from the tents the ſavory vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' ſtands,
With Bacchus' bleſſings chear'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus ſent
A thouſand meaſures to the royal tent.

(Eunæus, whom Hypſipyle of yore
To Jaſon, ſhepherd of his people, bore)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the hoſt:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave:
Some braſs, or iron; ſome an ox, or ſlave.
All night they feaſt, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Thoſe on the fields, and theſe within their towers.
But Jove averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red lightnings through the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horrour ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late, refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſecond Battle, and the diſtreſs of the Greeks.

JUPITER aſſembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Neſtor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The ſcene here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he ſpoke:
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters you forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall be driven,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from ſteep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf ſhall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.

League

League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
  Th' Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the Powers reply,
A reverend horrour ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their Sovereign's look;
At length his beſt-belov'd, the Power of Wiſdom, ſpoke:
'Oh firſt and greateſt! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate:
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of Jove.
  The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperiour on his beſt-belov'd.
Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath them ſhook:
Rapt by th' æthereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.

Of

Of heaven's undroſſy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſky.
But when to Ida's topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where, o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the ſacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue ambient miſts th' immortal ſteeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.
Now had the Grecians ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rouz'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.

Long as the morning beams encreaſing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the ſun the height of heaven aſcends;
The Sire of Gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends,
With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies.
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrour ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flaſh; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire;
The God in terrours, and the ſkies on fire,
Nor great Idomeneus that ſight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.

That

That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band.
But Diomed beheld: from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on Ulyſſes call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither does Ulyſſes run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian ſage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warriour 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king;
Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow;
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With theſe againſt yon Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.

Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car:
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great Hector ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
Till, to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horrour cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful ſound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue;
The quivering ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And Neſtor's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He drop'd the reins; and, ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the Sovereign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great Hector, and our palm denies.

Some

Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When Greece ſhall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to Jove.
O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief, ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt!
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warriour's ſhame.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus reply'd:
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd, lamented lord.
He ſaid, and haſty o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warriour as he flies.
Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt;
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
Go, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous prince! are fled
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.

Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Succeſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound;
And paſs victorious o'er the level'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames; and toſs the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires,
All Greece, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he ſaid; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke:
Now, Xonthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has ſteep'd the ſtrengthening grain in wine.

Now

Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontrol'd;
Give me to ſeize rich Neſtor's ſhield of gold;
From Tydeus' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung Saturnia's ſoul;
She ſhook her throne that ſhook the ſtarry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whoſe force can make
The ſtedfaſt earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the Greeks by fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells thy heart in that immortal breaſt?
Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine altars lay.
Would all the Deities of Geeece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to friend,
And ſee his Trojans to the ſhades deſcend:
Such be the ſcene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen Power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious Queen, is thine!
I war not with the Higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.
Now godlike Hector, to whoſe matchleſs might
Jove gave the glory of the deſtin'd fight,
Squadrons on ſquadrons drives, and fills the fields.
With cloſe-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd ſhields,
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops ſtand wedg'd in firm array,

A dreadful front! they ſhake the brands, and threat
With long-deſtroying flames the hoſtile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's ſelf inſpir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright enſign of command.
High on the midmoſt bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulyſſes' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the ſound,
Whoſe diſtant ſhips the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! ſhame of human race; he cry'd,
(The hollow veſſels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boaſts of yore,
Your haſty triumphs on the Lemnian ſhore?
Each fearleſs hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feaſt laſts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames ſurround?
O mighty Jove! oh ſire of the diſtreſs'd!
Was ever king like me, like me oppreſs'd?
With power immenſe, with juſtice arm'd in vain;
My glory raviſh'd, and my people ſlain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every ſhore;
What altar ſmok'd not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the conſtant flame,
And aſk'd deſtruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!
Give theſe at leaſt t' eſcape from Hector's hand,
And ſave the relicks of the Grecian land!

Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd;

The

The wrath appeas'd, by happy ſigns declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, ſacred bird of Heaven! he ſent,
A fawn his talons truſs'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hoſts he ſoar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall,
The Greeks beheld, and tranſport ſeiz'd on all;
Encourag'd by the ſign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides firſt of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horſe,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their ſtrongeſt battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his ſire)
With flying courſers ſhun'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppreſt;
The dart drove on, and iſſued at his breaſt:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms reſound:
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth ruſh a tide of Greeks, the paſſage freed;
Th' Atridæ firſt, th' Ajaces next ſucceed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And God-like Idomen, now paſs'd the mound:
Evæmon's ſon next iſſues to the foe,
And laſt, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian ſhield
The ſkilful archer wide ſurvey'd the field,
With every ſhaft ſome hoſtile victim flew,
Then cloſe beneath the ſeven-fold orb withdrew:

The conſcious infant ſo, when fear alarms,
Retires for ſafety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the ſhining ſhield.
Who firſt by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orſilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The god-like Lycophon next preſs'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Opheleſtes ſlain:
Bold Hamopäon breathleſs ſunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, ſad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghoſt attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example ſhall retrieve our hoſt,
Thy country's ſaviour, and thy father's boaſt!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy ſire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a ſtol'n embrace,
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave ſon repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If Heaven's high Powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treaſures Greece for me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd car,
With courſers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or ſome fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompenſe the warrior's toils with love.

To

To this the chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every ſhaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But ſure ſome God denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies
At Hector's breaſt, and ſings along the ſkies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirſty dart.
(Fair Caſtianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.
As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain:
So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds, that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.

Then

Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew;
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
There, where the junCture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone;
The bow-ſtring burſt beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd his uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
Till great Alaſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terrour cloath'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;

Before

Before the ſhips a deſperate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame
That wither'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood;
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to War's triumphant Maid:
Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confeſs our care,
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentleſs hate?
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet ſhall fall!
What power divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!
So ſpake th' imperial Regent of the ſkies.
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes:
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But He above, the Sire of Heaven, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward.
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite * ſon diſtreſs'd,
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.

Qb

* Hercules.

Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd Maid his beſt belov'd.
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then, Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terrour of the Greeks, that Man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vigorous Power the trembling car aſcends;
[illegible]ook by her arm, the maſſy javelin bends;
[illegible]e, ponderous, ſtrong! that, when her fury burns,
[illegible] tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.

Saturnia

Saturnia lends the lash; the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the Powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heaven their courſe they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid:

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the Higheſt who ſhall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak is Fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My lightning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd Maid
From Ida's top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great Olympus' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,

Reſtrains

Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.
What frenzy, Goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know, his word ſhall ſtand.
His lightning your rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Your car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky:
Yourſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his will:
But thee what deſperate inſolence has driven,
To lift thy lance againſt the King of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage reſign'd:
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counſels full effect ſhall find;
And, ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.
She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.

The

The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the cryſtal walls.
The penſive Goddeſſes, abaſh'd, control'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their ſeats of gold.
And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's ſummits to th' Olympian height.
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame through the vaſt of air, and reach the ſky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his courſers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal baſe;
There ſtood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, ſat thron'd in gold;
High heaven the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus ſhakes.
Trembling afar th' offending Powers appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, who'er almighty power withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand;
Who ſhall the Sovereign of the ſkies control?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.

For thus I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What power ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.
Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on Ilion's woes to come.
Though ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of Jove.
The Goddeſs thus. And thus the God replies:
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies:
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then ſhall load the plains,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern Achilles (his Patroclus ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor canſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.

Fly,

Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on her utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſtreams of hell;
No ſun e'er gilds the gloomy horrours there;
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will, ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
Theſe to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where, thinly ſcatter'd, lay the heaps of dead.
Th' aſſembled chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince ſurround.
A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was braſs, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ſhips, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.

Obey the Night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our ſteeds to forage, and refreſh our powers.
Straight from the town be ſheep and oxen ſought,
And ſtrengthening bread, and generous wine, be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the ſky,
Let numerous fires the abſent ſun ſupply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
Till the bright morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt, in the ſilence and the ſhades of night,
Greece on her ſable ſhips attempt her flight.
Not unmoleſted let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or ſafely cleave the main;
Some hoſtile wound let every dart beſtow,
Some laſting token of the Phrygian foe;
Wounds, that long hence may aſk their ſpouſes' care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let ſacred heralds ſound the ſolemn call;
To bid the ſires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardleſs youths, our battlements ſurround.
Firm be the guard, while diſtant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Leſt, under covert of the midnight ſhade,
Th' inſidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to-night, theſe orders to obey;
A nobler charge ſhall rouze the dawning day.
The Gods, I truſt, ſhall give to Hector's hand,
From theſe deteſted foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with fates averſe, the watery way;
Trojan vultures a predeſtin'd prey.

Our

Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.
Then, then ſhall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcales of Jove:
To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worſhip'd, like the ſun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſt around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoking ſteeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot-ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whoſe wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his ſons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting ſat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.
A thouſand piles the duſky horrours gild,
And ſhoot a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoſe umber'd arms, by fits, thick flaſhes ſend;
Loud neigh the courſers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriors wait the riſing morn.

THE

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this; and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution: he orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice: and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches; but are rejected, with roughneſs, by Achilles, who notwithſtanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp; and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horrour, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
Such various passions urge the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whispers: these surround their chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress,
Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast;

Ye

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towers and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:
When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.
If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.

They

They gave thee ſceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
The nobleſt power that might the world control
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a general's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to every Grecian breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and nearest to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire;
Myſelf and Sthelenus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides' praiſe.
Wiſe Neſtor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke; the hoſt in ſtill attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding Greece, with common voice, approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king:
  Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.
  Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The generous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd;

Next

Next him, Aſcalaphus, Iälmen, ſtood,
The double offſpring of the Warriour-God.
Deïpyrus, Apharius, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men, on public counſels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And, ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd:
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
Aſſembled ſtates and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful durſt diſſuade;

But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man, whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wondrous hero ſtands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The fame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms:
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeïs I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;

Untouch'd

Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These, instant, shall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
I ask no presents, no reward for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopé, and Phære him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.

There

There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to control,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the griſly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus. The reverend Neſtor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a generous king to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(Myſelf will name them) to Pelides' tent;
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage.
Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;

Wiſe

Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Through the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay,
Amus'd at eaſe, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound:
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame):
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles, ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe Menœtius' ſon:
Peleides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;

Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every ſoul.
Of all the warriours yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; Patroclus, o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep, and goat, contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts tranſfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoaking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering canniſters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' Ulyſſes full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The firſt fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulyſſes crown'd with wine

The

The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the god-like man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom Atrides feaſts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at every ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Left fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
To ſave thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!

The day may come, when, all our warriours ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt:
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bleſs!
Truſt that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine——
This, now deſpis'd, advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The profer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore;
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mould;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;

The

The fame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeïs he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe, inſtant, ſhall be thine; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhalt chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Cryſothemis with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enopé, and Pheræ thee obey,

Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil.
There ſhall thou reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring;
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king,
But if all this, relentleſs, thou diſdain,
If honour, and if intereſt, plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the Goddeſs-born: Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

Then

Then thus, in ſhort, my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoaking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what preheminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights:
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:

The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure every wiſe and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.
Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.
The third day hence, ſhall Pthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;

Pthia

Pthia to her Achilles ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd, the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Though ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not though he profer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great empreſs on th' Ægyptian plain,
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Though

Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heaven reſtore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus ſhall elect my wife.
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrival'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſcloſ'd,
And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown;

If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs, from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may——
But here this night let reverend Phœnix ſtay;
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.

The ſon of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phœnix roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd:

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy Phœnix, ſtay behind?

The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt;
Thy youth, as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not though the God, that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd!
I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.

The

The tenth, I forc'd the gates unſeen of all;
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence through ſpacious Greece extend;
In Pthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load),
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily ſins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;

With

With humble mien and with dejected eyes;
Conſtant they follow, where injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice, ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughter's ſake;
From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce injuſtice then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king;
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour aſks, the general ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.

The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On Oeneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
"(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
"And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
"The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
"Against the God the father bent his arms:
"Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,

In

In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent ambaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects them all.
Mean while the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſeal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warriour heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conquering ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.
  Thus he. The ſtern Achilles thus reply'd:
My ſecond father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands;

Jove

Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:
Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait,
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:

The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer every ſoul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſeven are offer'd, and of equal charms,
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
  Oh ſoul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul 's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then, heroes! and our anſwer bear.
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidſt yon ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Juſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battle, and there feel our hand.
  This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, through the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Meantime Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:

There,

There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumber ſweet the reverend Phœnix lay.
But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd;
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd through the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return. Atrides firſt begun:
Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd in his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To ſave our army, and our fleets, to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.

But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.
Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke:
Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our powers
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food);
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

THE

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurprize Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's ætherial power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty ſhower,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſick blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thouſand cares his labouring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,
With him, in wholeſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Mean while his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe!
To whom the king: In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art;

For

For Jove averſe our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſeveral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;

The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warriour's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid:
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.
O ſon of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If aught of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite.
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.

To

To him thus Neſtor: Truſt the Powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove;
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' Eternal Mind!
Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oïleus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouze the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to every chief to ſue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the king: With reverence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our ſovereign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.

The

The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that the venerable warriour roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then, ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd through the ſleeping croud,
Stop'd at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the ſilent night;
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd;
Whatever means of ſafety can be fought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.

A wood

A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that, fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumbering chief, and in theſe words awakes:
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eyelids fled;
The warriour ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wondrous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriours wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend (he anſwer'd) generous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſovereign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his ponderous lance, and ſtrode along.

Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed;
The warriour rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſtening leaders keep,
And, couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Through breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear.
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch every ſide, and turn to every ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted through the gloomy ſhade:
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ;
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and god-like Merion march'd behind
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtop'd his rage before;

When

When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corpſe was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon,
The council opening, in theſe words begun:
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns, to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his through all ſucceeding days,
While Phœbus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe!
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow!
What muſt not Greece to her deliverer owe!
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At every rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke—The man you ſeek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warriour join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.

By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcoveries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each generous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriours, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the god-like Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind;
How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wiſdom like his might paſs through flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.

But

But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening Orient ſhows the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with generous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark through paths oblique their progreſs take
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
This, though ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang, and whiſtling wings, they knew.

As from the right the ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the Maid:
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
Then god-like Diomed prefer'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great Queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on Æſopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and ſought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial Maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
[illegible]iple forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
[illegible]aper tops refulgent gold adorns.
[illegible]eroes pray'd; and Pallas from the ſkies
[illegible] their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
[illegible]ke two lions panting for the prey,
[illegible]athful thoughts they trace the dreary way,

Through

Through the black horrours of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Through duſt, through blood, o'er arms and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd:
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcovery make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdued they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beſide the reverend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus, no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know.

Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky:
Be witneſs thou! immortal lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſtening to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
Intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With

With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon liſtening heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a javelin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the leveret wind,
Or chace through woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears, the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtop'd; a generous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Left on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This javelin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood prop'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;

A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his trembling head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriours ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Who'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he ſpoke, his limbs with horrour ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If, now ſubdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies,)
[illegible]ilers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
[illegible]he guidance of a vulgar hand;

Ev'n

Ev'n great Achilles fearce their rage can tame,
Achilles, ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, ſince their conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war.
Ulyſſes thus, and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon fires aſcend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their powers they thus diſpoſe:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges, encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Myſian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmoſt, and apart from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon;

I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal,
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, though all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:
Great Queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heavenly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!

This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.
Through the still night they cross the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yok'd beside each warriour stand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where-e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued
His thirsty faulchion, fat with hostile blood;
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;

On

On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warriour drew;
The milk-white courfers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:
Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;

Haste

Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial Maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heavenly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wondering view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around:

Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſued, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or, oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd?
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and favourites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of Heaven are of a nobler kind.

Of

* Minerva.

Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighbouring main:
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierc'd with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonius' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warriour starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress.

And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;
'Twas then, the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales, againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhowery cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies.)
A radiant baldrick, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warriour caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along;
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.

Laſt,

Laſt, o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: the foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriour's toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground:
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriours of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' etherial race;
Great Hector, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.

As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harveſt at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on every ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrours of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
To earth he turn'd his all-conſidering eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's towers ariſe;

The

The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the ax to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oïleus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the ſame car the brother warriours ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy ſheep.

Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword;
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift through ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and drop'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;

Soon

Soon as he hears that, not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply—
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue,
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain.
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still ſlaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,

In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriours' lives,
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursued,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile on every side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;

Hurl'd

Hurl'd from their cars, the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending, ſhook th' Idæan hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid beſpoke:
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To God-like Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various Maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.

But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit, to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred Nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his generous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt-fruits of joy;

From

From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he ſprings,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the javelin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
Till, graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warriour lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,

While

While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features, now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear.
His brother's corpſe the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe.
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Tranfix'd the warriour with the brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend
(The powers that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the reins.

Then

Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deſerts his powers!
Lo, Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and every boſom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds, to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear;
With voice and hand provoke their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.

On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojans' glory crown'd.
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their side,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night;
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The gust continued, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
The warriour thus; and thus the friend reply'd;
No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but, ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword,
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight:
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and Greece reſpir'd again.
The ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulyſſes dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of Paeonian ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This

This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force—The warriour said;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands:
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance;
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt,
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring,
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand;
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lions fear.
He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel.
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.

Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul:
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warriour, their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhooting huntſmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his ivory tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on every part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on every ſide.
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön ſunk to hell;

Cherſidamas,

Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warriour thus began:
O great Ulyſſes, much-enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in every martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Through the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew):
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go;
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!
He ſpoke; while Socus, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the griſly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.

Then thus Ulyſſes, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe;
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hovering vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn funerals and a laſting tomb.
Then, raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſued,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telemon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide:
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.

As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour iſſuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes through the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, though hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warriour, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tower-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And, ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs through the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.

There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy ſteeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.

Thus

Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
And, daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging through the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hector's part,
Shot heaven-bred horrour through the Grecian's heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrours not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And, glaring round, with tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs and ſhouting ſwains;
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhowering darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſourly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at every ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength endued,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſued,

Though round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhowers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager javelin lanch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd:

What

What God, O Grecians! has your heart diſmay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battle he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warriour reſcue, and your country ſave.
Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers, ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preſerver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour Achilles, from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend Machaon ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!

The time is come, when yon deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt:
Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warriour late his chariot brought;
For, ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſs'd me with ſo ſwift a pace.
The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Through intermingled ſhips and tents he paſs'd;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriours ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new preſs'd, the ſacred flower of wheat,
And wholeſome garlick, crown'd the ſavory treat.
Next her white hand a ſpacious goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings

From

From eldeſt times: the maſſy ſculptur'd vaſe,
Glittering with golden ſtuds, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd
Support two turtle-doves emboſs'd in gold.
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk neſtar overlook'd the brim.
Pemper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheeſe a flavorous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Neſtor ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriours' thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old Neſtor riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid:
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming ſteeds.
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of Greece (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.

Tell

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone.
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppreſs'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!

Oppreſs'd,

Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd,
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëſſa ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alphæus' ſacred ſource we came.

There

There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid;
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.
In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war, appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede:
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispers'd, their bravest warriour kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
Then Actor's son had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes;
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.

There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Rhia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave:"
Menœtius thus; "Though great Achilles shine
"In strength superior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle forces the fiercest minds obey.

Some

Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If aught from heaven with-hold his ſaving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evæmon's ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart;
Divine compaſſion touch'd Patroclus' breaſt,
Who, ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt:
Ah, hapleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barbarous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?

Or

Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of Pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.
To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply;
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appear'd on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what survivi'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:

Theſe turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhowers.
The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and level'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So midſt the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing javelins rain an iron ſtorm:
His powers untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:

He

He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw Polydamas; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No paſs through thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?

Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd;
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriours! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led,
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way:
So Greece ſhall ſtoop before our conquering power,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: the God-like Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſeveral chiefs' commands:
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
And bold Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.
The ſons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.

Antenor's

Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropæus aid,
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall.
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift through the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain.
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race deſcend;

This

This Polypœtes, great Perithoüs' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamus, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling javelins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:

To

To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires roll the rocky ſhower;
Heavy and thick reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes Heaven:
In Powers immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriours only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates?
Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To god-like Hector and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;

Through

Through the long walls the ſtony ſhowers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms, appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.
Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypœtes' ſteel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warriour ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrows the field with death:
Firſt through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion ſtruck, and fate purſued the ſtroke;
Iämenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Meantime, the braveſt of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.

Jove's

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amidst the host the falling serpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere!
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For, sure, to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,

Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then Hector with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or, if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heaven reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring God,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardiſe t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a general grave,
But thou canſt live, for thou canſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon through our ſoldiers' breaſts,

My

My javelin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and, ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terrour and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulſe every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.

Urge

Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men;
The circling seas alone, absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;

Within

Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with musick's sprightly sound?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Powers above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:

That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſovereign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief inſpire.
With equal warmth, and rouze the warriour's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
I urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;

Their

Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our towers defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word; the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoös) Peleus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe towers defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight;
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his ſeven-fold ſhield, he ſtrode away.

With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore;
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like ſome black tempeſt gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warriour's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then, toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt,
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.

Divine

Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſued by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the ponderous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins ſmoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood.
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms;
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain.

Unite,

Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds,
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win, the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
Till, pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends:
So ſtood the war, till Hector's matchleſs might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!

They

They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling-engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A ponderous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days;
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

CON-

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

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POPE'S

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THE ILIAD.

VOLUME II.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes) aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Merione, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriours, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering hoſt;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray
To toil and ſtruggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light:
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is given,
While his high law ſuſpends the powers of Heaven.
Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
Obſerv'd the Thunderer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;

* Neptune.

Below, fair Ilion's glittering ſpires were ſeen,
The crowded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſt ſhakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
[illegible] where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
[illegible] rhus breaks the rolling wave:

There

There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay,
The Father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector ruſh'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The God whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Chalcas ſeen,
Such his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mien;
His ſhouts inceſſant every Greek inſpire,
But moſt th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriours, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praiſe:
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive, here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.

If yet ſome heavenly Power your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:
Then with his ſceptre, that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, Oïleus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Favouring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns:
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;

Singly, methinks, you towering chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inſpir'd,
Who, breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Power.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;

Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill purſued,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards if your king 's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
Theſe words the Grecians' fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſtening armies catch the god-like fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
h well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round.
ſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
as' ſelf might view with fix'd delight;

Or

Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gathering force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.

Trojans!

Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.
He said, and rouz'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the house of Troy.)

To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame;
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.

As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His penſive brow the generous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies:

Where 's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?

To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.

'Tis

* Amphimachus.

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.
Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.
This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him,

Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;

And

And were some ambush for the foes design'd;
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind:
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest;
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the will to strike before the rest.

In such allays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold *Merion* snatch'd a spear;
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man).

Terrour,

Terrour, his beſt-lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs, they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murderous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horrour o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd)
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground:
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.

Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' ſultry reign,
From different quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;
On every ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus, by deſpair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hoſts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breaſt-plates, helms, and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous ſcene! that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.
Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian powers,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one ſource, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;

But Jove the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and, cloſe-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he ſought, with boaſts of power,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dower.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promiſe ſped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the gory corſe away.
This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crouded courſers, to his ſquire confign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground;
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore,
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
  Stabb'd at the ſight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vigorous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
  Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
  Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
  Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.

He ſees Alcathoüs in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire:
His ſpouſe Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:

O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar forces: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

O'er his beat back the briſtly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warriour ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle roſe;
On every ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins ſing.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:

The

The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground;
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Merionés drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground;
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth refound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;

His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his labouring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in duſt was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the bow,

And

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the ſand;
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſolicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.
Behold! Piſander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warriour came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor piere'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield;
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.

The

The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, ſaid:
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rapt tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man! ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew,
Harpalion had through Aſia travel'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;

Through

Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And, driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd;
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.

Oft

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong th' Epeian bands control'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;

The

* Neptune.

The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling;
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.

Thus

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
Themingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydames, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?

What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius ſelf appear.

For

For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to woman-kind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Aſius gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate;
And great Othryoneus, ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires.

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the Gods alone.
Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then, gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle ſtray,
And,

And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrours round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled; not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chac'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.

So may the Gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendours of the throne of Jove.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno, ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets-off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrengthening bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſymedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſued from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;

While

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the general haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the general of the hoſt addreſt:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?

Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?
Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls exite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie neareſt to the main;

Least

Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes:
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart,
Oh, were thy ſway the curſe of meaner powers,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age,
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſovereign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
But thy ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.

Thy

Thy juſt reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began:
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he ſhall ſay,
Young though he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold ſons was generous Prothoüs bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſs'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend; and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire:

Thou.

Though ſore of battle, though with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Though not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But left new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile javelin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſtening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warriour furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke;
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But Heaven forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warriour crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the labouring field;

Such

Such was the voice, and ſuch the thundering ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her power; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhowers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

Part

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cried)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytherea ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fires!
For lo I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What-time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,

Of

Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill:
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What-time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conquering ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd-one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
The queen aſſents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean Powers,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos' ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil,
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighbouring ſkies;

Dark in embowering ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe lightning ſets the heavens on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:
Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy ſuperior power
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.

Let

Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame
Whence roſe Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the ſhower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies:
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal ſight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The ſport of heaven, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that recefs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.

She ceas'd; and, ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a ſoft carpet ſpread
And cluſtering lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
And ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's ſoft power oppreſt,
The panting Thunderer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God:
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Hav'd cloſ'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

Thus

Thus having ſaid, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay:
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſt with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warriour takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes
Like lightning flaſhing through the frighted ſkies.

Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking Power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The ſeas ſtern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks: and form'd a watery wall
Around the ſhips; ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heaven.
The firſt bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword,)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warriour's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full

Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warriour of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watery drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks, on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warriour lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving javelin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt:
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt.

As by his ſide the groaning warriour fell,
At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing ſteel:
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The towering Ajax loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe;
As Promaeus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.

Not

Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such, as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:

Aghast

Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O ſay, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, firſt embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great Ajax; on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' ſteel,
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warriour round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions: ſhe is then ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary addreſs, to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular touches Mars with a violent reſentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo reinſpires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious ſlaughter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horrour in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midſt the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke:
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' Eternal Will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering ſquadrons from the field.
Canſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our power immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?

Haſt thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For god-like Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt,
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
  The Thunderer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd:
  By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below;
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels given,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of Heaven.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chac'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe:
And lo! that inſtant god-like Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty mother grieves)
Swift from th' Idæan summit flies to heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the bleft abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar flows around.
Last Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the White-arm'd Goddess thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such fatal decrees, such threat'ned woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and fullen took her place;
Blank horrour saddden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a splenetful joy expreſt;
'er wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
care, and lowering discontent.

Thus

Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of power controls;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offspring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heaven;
But Pallas, ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantick Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide he said:
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould Heaven's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fountfull Ide:
There in the Father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game);
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow:
"Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls:
"Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?

Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the ſkies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of Heaven.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not

Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heaven's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n power immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips, and Helleſpont again:

Then

Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils.—The God-head ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd. [ſaid;
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phœbus, ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrours ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thunderer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee, and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriours then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe;

Ev'n

Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chacers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.

Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warriour ſpoke, the liſtening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came towering to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.

The

The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of generous warriours ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horrour ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.

Mecyſtes

Mecyſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies;
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death;
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound;
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level tread;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.

Then

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the towers nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend;

Thus

Thus loudly roaring, and, o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrours ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome favouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.

As when a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Yet vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand;
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing fight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;

Then,

Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprize;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warriour wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriours, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rouz'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriours of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)

How

How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew
(That valued life, O Phœbus! was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,

And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his founding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale);
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:

Lo,

Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His generous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?

Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While, conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove;

The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for fame his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The

The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing through every ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the rankeſt mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes:
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Copreus was his ſire:

The

The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
As ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chac'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:

The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:

Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The fame which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.

The

The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command:
Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.
He spoke—the warriours, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted on to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.

What

What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warriour at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.

Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.

If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chace her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ey'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:

I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

Though

Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Hion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,

Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warriour ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhower;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his falchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

From

From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High

High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus, that eſpous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God purſued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echeclëus, bleſt in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he ſought and won the dame;
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles with ſuperior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
"Stern ſon of Peleus!" (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While, reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field;
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words--Now, warriours, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rouz'd the fire in every breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſtening cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thickening work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows;
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far

Far o'er the reſt, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.

Lo

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield:
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!
Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But Heaven's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high-way,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a general cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamour, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

Oh warriours, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warriour pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

So,

So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
As Ariëlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs and in death the warriour lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But god-like Thraſimed prevents his rage,

Between

Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground;
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terrour drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:

Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots, lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause);
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
The fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;

Loud

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver Simoïs flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conquering bands.
Firſt Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed javelin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:

Prone to the ground the breathleſs warriour fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Iphetas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,
With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms:
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and, ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriours thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What

What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murmuring Powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens diſtill'd
A ſhower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The generous Pedaſus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlippery ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning ſound
ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:

Thus

Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame, muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Greçian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warriour, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſs'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſued in the purple flood.

His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Powerful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots through every vein,
I ſtand, unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, though diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and, ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heavenly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:

With

With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts:
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Tranſfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperiour vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſtening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrours of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate enobling with a croud of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty ſtone,

Which

Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conquering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.
Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſued at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

Swift

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven:
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriours cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As through the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriours, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heavenly form defac'd with duſt and gore,

And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chac'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horrour of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celeſtial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simoïs' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;

The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

Th

Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warriour, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:

The

The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good Heavens! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows!
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity, that all their practice is by land!
Then, ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.
Stern Hector faſtens on the warriour's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;

Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the ſylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.

The

The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horrour ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear;

Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

" Return

" Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.
Supine and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector, pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead:
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?

Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing, as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

THE

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warriour deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,

Nor

Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain;
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warriour, and his arms reſound.

The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize.
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war);
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers, of ætherial race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.

Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Death'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour Heaven beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven, I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor Heaven, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains

Of

Of his and our Patroclus.—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrours Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warriour ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terrour and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind, he ſtood:
Thus, in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
Faſt by his ſide the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.

Did

Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.
  The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
  Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warriour such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day:

If

If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero arm to defend the dead.
Then, turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.
He ſtrode along the field, as thus he ſaid
(The ſable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
One inſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
The diſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore
The radiant ſpoils to ſacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he ſate,
And conſcious look'd through all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

It

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part.
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'ſt away:
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires;
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs, fires;
The great Theſilocus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chace,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join; they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warriour rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound:

Oh

Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach so far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriours' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telemon
(Ajax, to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame;)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore:
So through the thicket burſts the mountain-boar,
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcaſe through the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing through the ghaſtly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking, as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,

Schedius

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warriour, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope, for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing through the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And through the wound the ruſhing entrails broke:
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to ſight
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.

But you, when Fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form aſſum'd, deſcries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day!
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſt purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warriour came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecian ſtood:
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:

Fixt on the ſpot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ætherial hoſt,
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's ſplendours blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head;
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpſe the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horrour reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heaven had deſtin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;

Curs'd

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans ſaid,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;
Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke:

Unhappy

Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! But ceaſe to mourn;
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and, breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:

Him

Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt:
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his ſide:
Lo, to my ſight, beyond our hope, reſtor'd
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight;
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds;
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
  Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow;
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
  Then through the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
  He ſpoke, and high the ſounding javelin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
  The ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid.
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming

Aſſuming Phœnix' ſhape, on earth he falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt, in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the Powers addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore
(Bold ſon of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with every lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Through his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms reſound.

Sudden

Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main);
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led;
For, as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And ras'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;

The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax leſs the will of Heaven deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the god-like Telamon:
Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant though they rain,
He ſuffers every lance to fall in vain.

Deſerted

Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corpſe, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcued from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd, to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not through the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In general darkneſs——Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer;
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heaven reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!
With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight;
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
Oh guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;

This is not all: Patroclus, [illegible]
Now pale and near, [illegible]
Fly to the fleet, [illegible]
The sad Achilles, [illegible]
He too may [illegible]
The arms are Hector's, [illegible]
The youthful [illegible]
From his fair eyes [illegible]
Big with the [illegible]
What sorrow [illegible]
To brave Laodocus [illegible]
Who near him [illegible]
Then ran, the [illegible]
With tear-ful eyes, [illegible]
Swift fled the youth: [illegible]
(Though sore [illegible])
But bids bold [illegible]
Himself returns to [illegible]
Gone is Antilochus [illegible]
But hope not, [illegible]
Though fierce his rage, [illegible]
Unarm'd he fights not [illegible]
'Tis in our hands [illegible]
'Tis our own vigour [illegible]
And save ourselves, [illegible]
Troy pours along, [illegible]
'Tis well (said Ajax), [illegible]
With Merion's aid, [illegible]
Myself and my bold [illegible]
The shock of Hector [illegible]

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd, his train:
Oh guard theſe relicks, to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and, ſouſing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witneſs'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;

This is not all: Patroclus, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.
The youthful warriour heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs ſtands,
(Though ſore diſtreſt) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thraſymede thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his Patroclus ſlain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriours, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigour muſt the dead regain,
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (ſaid Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpſe to rear;
Myſelf and my bold brother will ſuſtain
The ſhock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid;
High from the ground the warriours heave the dead.
A general clamour riſes at the fight:
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins ſhower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length;

Idly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus, when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent, on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that Fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid: Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warriour, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!

Dead

Dead is Patroclus! For his corpſe they fight,
His naked corpſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horrour ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warriour with a warriour's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereos, and the watery train,
The Mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name),
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,

Thoa,

Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa, ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breaſt with ſilent woe,
Till Thetis' ſorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye Siſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never, muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heaven to view,
So ſhort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo through the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;

I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal Mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare;
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not ev'n the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the Powers above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſued the pleaſures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offspring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows, ſhall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind,

Me

Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt—I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath;
And ſunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields,
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!——My arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
Save hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day.

Charg'd

Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the Daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:

Had

Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhowery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' etherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:

The

The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war);
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light;
So from Achilles' head the ſplendours riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;

So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warriour bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command;
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.

Silent

Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave):
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dangerous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains thoſe terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrours, we ſhall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;

Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him ere he ſack the town.
Return? (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was 't not enough, ye valiant warriours ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Maeonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
'Tis better generouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaughtering arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp'd his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart,
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars through the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When, to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?

But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warriour and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike.
Me too a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bade the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corpſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

High

High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty Jove:
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and conſort of the thundering Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd

From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her entering! her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the watery Queen addreſs'd:
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet; then, calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now,

Now, ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience given
Of works divine, (ſuch wonders are in heaven!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There, plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd, as mine?

Of

Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
By only I, of all the watery race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſt
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
Sure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand;
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And god-like labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon compleatly round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;

To

To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' aethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands.
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

Two

Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glittering ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There tumult, there contention, ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;

Now

Now here, now there, the carcaſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd;
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens' care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the ponderous harveſt of its vines;

A deeper

A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And, curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;
In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent through the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs compleat the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd,
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withſtood;
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrours, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus; for the Cretan queen,

Form'd

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight, they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general ſongs the ſprightly revel end.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warriour's uſe requires,
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At Thetis' feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent through the ſkies.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her ſon the armour made by Vulcan. She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches, preſents, and ceremonies, on that occaſion. Achilles is with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by the advice of Ulyſſes. The preſents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briſeïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obſtinately refuſes all repaſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance deſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſpired to propheſy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſhore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
The sovereign's sorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd!
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:

He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontrol'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terrour of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
[illegible]me with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;

These

Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun:
Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun:
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;

A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Até, driven,
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son:
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.

The

The joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She puſh'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, god-like, thou art by no toils oppress,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.

The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:

Those

Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food;
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd).
The best and bravest of the warriour-kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
[illegible] devolves on others left behind.

Let

Let generous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Seven captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs, ſheath'd beſide his ſword;
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.

His

His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs, thou firſt! thou greateſt Power above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, Heaven all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

Thoſe

Thoſe in the tents the 'ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as ſhe paſs'd, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay:
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin-bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;
That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me empreſs in his native land.
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her ſiſter captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own:

The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd:
If yet Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.

He ſpoke, and from the warriours turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage;
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.

Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtaid Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,

From

From Scyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.
Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke; and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warriour-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the deedy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glittering breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays,
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.

Full in the midſt, high-towering o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms which the Father of the Fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd;
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glittering at his ſide;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waſte, a light appears,
Which, on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tower to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence, and war;

So

So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wondering eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers and the radiant car
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide);
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.
High o'er the hoſt all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heavenly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:

Through falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaughtering ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

THE

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrours of the battle deſcribed, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with a great ſlaughter.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure Sifter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) ſat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the watery reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:

* Neptune.

What moves the God who heaven and earth com-
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands, [mands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial Powers! deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heavenly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſovereign of the fire!
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,

Xanthus,

Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terrour of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.

But when the Powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrours shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the tost navies beat the heaving main.

Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, leſt Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horroure rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Againſt Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the Day
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.
While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.
Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warriour's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded, to the fight.

Like

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain:
To meet Pelides, you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chac'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus, in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day;
Elſe had I ſunk, oppreſt in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his power,
Though ſtrong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a Siſter of the Main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:

His

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:
Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she: and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd

Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simois ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heavenly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds caſ'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With towering ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,

To

To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail, his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize:
Sons he has many: thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious track of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtaid;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:

In

In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded through the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till.
The ſhady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.

Boreas,

Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe, lightly ſkimming when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, ſnatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial gueſt,
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt).
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, he
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of power and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſehood, right or wrong
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove, our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms.
Through two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:

Through

Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering ſpear:
A fate ſo near him chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rouſing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the Powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone,
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing Mind;

On

On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Through all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:
What Power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.

But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chac'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.

He

He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The God-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy;
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all Heaven defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' God-like ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
  Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
  Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel, with full-deſcending ſway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way;
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and, ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helicé's high ſhores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
  Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt),
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.

To

To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore,
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight;
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his javelin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But Heaven alone confers ſucceſs in war:

Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou hast scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any Power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;

This difference only their fad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age, ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs falchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warriour falls, tranſfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief deſcends:

The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero through the waſted ſhores:
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhowers.
As, with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes' ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never-dying fame!

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simoïs joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and, while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound;
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriours drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſtering legions ruſh into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.

His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide
(Which ſpreading tamariſks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood,
The ſon of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.

Ten

Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield)
As, trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero ſaid:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhivering at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground;

And

And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam and Laothöe fair.
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd):
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For, ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terrour ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
Theſe words, attended with a ſhower of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears;

Talk

Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?"
See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he ſaid; and, as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear:
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand;
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corpſe, and ſuck thy gory wound:
There no fad mother ſhall thy funerals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe every wave ſome watery monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

So

So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worſhip'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.
  Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axis, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
  What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
  O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warriour) our illuſtrious race?

From

From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threatening he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance
(For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear, in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſius ſlew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound:

O firſt

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
In human form confeſs'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſlain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O Son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain—the chief without diſmay
Ploughs through the boiling ſurge his deſperate way.
Then, riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.

While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thundering ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Sliddering, and ſtaggering. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race),
Far as a ſpear can fly; Achilles ſprings
At every bound; his clanging armour rings.
Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,

And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bowers,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him ſcattering, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watery mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.

Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcase, to the sea.
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief.
The power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fears,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while caiques of gold:
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

High

High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams; and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how relistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:

At every ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid:
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm; aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamariſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The watery willows hiſs before the fire.

Now

Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws;
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' ætherial arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War:

What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.

He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This at the heavenly homicide ſhe caſt.

Thundering he falls, a maſs of monſtrous ſize;
And ſeven broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And, glorying, thus the proſtrate God reviles:
Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright Empreſs of the heavens ſurvey'd,
And, ſcoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:
Lo! what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.
Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell (her ſpirits fled);
On earth together lay, the lovers ſpread;
And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries), who guard the Trojan wall!

To

To Grecian Gods ſuch let the Phrygians be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe; and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What ſloth hath ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the ſound?
Shall, ignominious, we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age:
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Haſt thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd;
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.

Doſt

Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infeſt the faithleſs race;
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the ſenior Power ſubmiſs retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the ſylvan ſhades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more, in yon celeſtial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What inſolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?

What though, tremendous in the wood and chace,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs on the Powers divine
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;
Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcattering arrows, rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
To her, Latona haſtes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſued her to her bleſt abode,
Where all-confus'd ſhe ſought the Sovereign God;

Weeping

Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Aſham'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while, ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire.
Through blood, through death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtep, no cheek, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls:

You,

You, to whoſe care our city-gates belongs,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way.
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung,
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And, gladſome, ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beſide the beach he ſate,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe.
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll);
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.

What,

* Apollo,

What, ſhall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rouz'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;

Though ſtruck, though wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin flings his breath in vain.
On their whole war, unarm'd, the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' aetherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The God-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape;

Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being ſafe within the walls, Hector only ſtays to oppoſe Achilles. Priam is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his reſolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles purſues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva deſcends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the ſhape of Deïphobus; he ſtands the combat, and is ſlain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the ſight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector ſingly ſtaid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confeſt in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gaping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot aeross the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my love'd, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures, would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt,
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I! unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)

Great

Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants dash'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad reliek of my ruin'd ſtate
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck through with wounds, all honeſt, on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fullneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid:

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Shouldſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhouldſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll.
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul;
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood; and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight!

That

That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuffering country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear;
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No—if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or, if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warriour-ſhield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife withheld, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace?
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk;
War is our buſineſs; but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that determine Heaven!

Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;

The

The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendors ſhone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the riſing ſun:
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrours riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings.
No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
This hot through ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That, the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

By

By these they pass'd, one chacing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day:
(Such as in races crown the speedy swift).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame);
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:

Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the towers of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,

Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then, (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus, step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What God, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

Phœbus

Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endued his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with power;
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greek's advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
In ſhow and aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd:

Too

Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued,
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate

(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miſs'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrour ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me: Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,

Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er;
One place at length he ſpies, to let-in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:

At

At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his labouring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death.
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the firſt! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts diſgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent lightning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate!"
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!

Since

Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire destroyer to our arms has given,
Is not Troy full'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land.
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.

He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me and all my race);
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhower!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
  Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.
  Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corpſe! inanimated clay!
  But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate.

Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours;
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
Ah, follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.

Too

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her, sinking, with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the same!
Why was my birth to great Action ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs, they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill evening gave him up to reſt,
Sunk in ſoft down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy conſort's care,

Whoſe

Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD

ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt, he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where, falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THUS, humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Through the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warriour Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:

His ſlaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warriour went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conquering hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore:

No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warriour's funeral pile prepare.
And bid the foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his langoid members fall,
Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When, lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below.
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more;
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known;
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and God-like thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;

But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods:)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſtling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n them) to the ſandy ſhore;
There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Thoſe

Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eye around the watery waſte:
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain:
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return;
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on every ſide;

High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain;
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heavenly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,

And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddess to partake the rites:
Not so (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view:
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

Forth

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.

Ye

"Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known, they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen,
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men).
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise."

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next, the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,

Vases

Vaſes and tripods (for the funeral games)
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train:
"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain
(A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd).
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day;
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus, hopes the prize.
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears:
My ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.

'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferiour ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race):
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;

Left,

Least, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Merionés was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws).
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Merionés, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:

The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell.

His

His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both must fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch sate: from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,

And

And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest-ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrival'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd;
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!

Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' god-like ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.

Young

Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferiour ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore;
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy generous thirſt to give.
But this my prize I never ſhall forego:
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er
(The fame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glittering margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh, Antilochus, has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.

But

But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.

So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:

Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.

Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd.
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpast Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);

Rejoic'd,

Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see.
Not one but honours facred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the ſon of Æa.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the caeſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke.
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd, bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;

Secure,

Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.
The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire.
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting; not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Whose

Whoſe arms ſupport him reeling through the throng;
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous ſtrife propoſe,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintery wind and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the centre ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from every pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While

While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and, ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t'evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtruck: the giant fell ſupine;
Ulyſſes, following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling through the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdued of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain:
Nor weary out your generous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have proved ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd;
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;

Whence

Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him deſcended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's funeral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train—
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.
The hero ſaid, and, ſtarting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon, the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All ſtart at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meaſuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep ere the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe:
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.

Now

(A green old-age, unconſcious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace;
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe; a buckler, ſpear, and helm, he brings
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſts before our army's ſight,
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Clad

Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the fight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Through the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A maſs of iron (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe;
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd

From hence: nor aſk the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Up roſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leontes next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of God-like Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the diſcus ſung:
Far as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound).
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon fluttering bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful T[illegible]'m they threw
Their lots in [illegible] latter flew.

Swift

Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice:
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the funeral games, Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.

Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize,
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.
With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid:
Thee firſt in virtue, as in power ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of Hector.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles, to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old king, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon; Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

NOW from the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded ſtrand:
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo Achilles: he to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep;
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;
All paſt before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:

Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with ſuperiour care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corpſe his golden ſhield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:
E'er ſince that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke,
To Heaven aſſembled, thus Apollo ſpoke:
  Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims ſlain!
And, can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride;

Who

Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame;
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus given,
A man divine, and choſen friend of Heaven).
To grace thoſe nuptials from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel-God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the fame.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay);
Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er, by ſtealth to ſnatch the corpſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corpſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the meſſage flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves reſound);
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſs'd the Goddeſs through the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſacred cave:
There, plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſhered main)

Penſive

Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly ſight?
Ah, may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face
(Minerva, riſing, gave the Mourner place);
Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;

'Twas

'Twas voted, Hermes from his God-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corpſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;

Nor

Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.

From

For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in inactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night.
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call.
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train;

In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, Gods! ere that fatal day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious sons, of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troïlus, dreadful on his rushing car,

And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All theſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine).

Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands:
'Take this, and pour to Jove; that, ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam) to the Sire above
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh firſt, and greateſt! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!

Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And through ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their prayers;

Behold

Behold our object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd; swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What-time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accoſts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt through the night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, ſo numerous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread:
From me no harm ſhall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my ſon! (the God-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The ſacred meſſenger of Heaven reply'd);
But ſay, convey'ſt thou through the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'ſt thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain?

The

The king; alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how God-like Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam spoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that God-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame:
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of stern Pelides' train
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?
O favour'd of the Skies! (thus answer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with every living grace,
Majeſtical in death! No ſtains are found
O'er all the corpſe, and cloſ'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heaven, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
  Thus ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide;
And joyful thus the royal ſire reply'd:
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love;
Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bower
My ſon forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's ſake;
And, while the favouring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
  To whom the latent God: O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?

What

What from our maſter's intereſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at the bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God, that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round:
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, through all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the power of Gods!) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide.

And

And thus reveal'd.—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' fight I fly:
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.

Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt:
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.

Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:

Thus

Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chace that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain;
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;

Large

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Though not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſovereign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles different paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs through the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man:
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone

To

To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree;
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddess, to his wishes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in [illegible] once, excell'd;

Extended

Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!
To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector, I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease;

Ceaſe; left, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend);
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire,
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhri-

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state;
Where full before him reverend Priam sate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night,
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
One sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
The Gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,

There

There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.
He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His god-like aspect and majestic size;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;

Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
Left any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls supine
The hills of Ide, and forests for the mine.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven.

This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeis, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald reſt;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day:

Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons, of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains;
In every face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day:
But god-like Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;

Ev'n

Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.

Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our paine,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with increaſing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek, whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;

In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!

Thus

Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſpices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow;
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I cauſ'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide-ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor ſecret ambuſh dread
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

THE END OF THE ILIAD.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

WE have now paſſed through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after the death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil in the ſecond book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had propheſied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt with Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan; but, being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaüs, her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was murdered by Ægyſtus, at the inſtiga-

his wife, who, in his abſence, had diſhonour'd his bed with Ægyſthus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale, but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom; it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſeys.

I muſt end theſe remarks by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: the merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Euſtathius, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, were ſent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole eſſay upon Homer was written, upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it (which muſt be left to the world, to truth, and to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer: and one, who (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

MARCH 25, 1720. A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐπειθὰ — τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με πρεκύψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην, εἰ ἐσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐθέως πρεῖόντα.

M. AUREL. ANTON.